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**OUR MIRACLE BATTERY**  
BY  
**PRIVATE GEORGE MOZLEY**  
BATTERY F, 102nd REGIMENT FIELD ARTILLERY



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CAPTAIN LEE H. COVER



## FOREWORD

A Battery, in my opinion, is like a wheel with each man a cog. What would our food have been without cooks? How would we have gotten ammunition without our drivers for our horses, or how would the guns have been manned without cannoneers, or communication kept without Special Detail men; and last, but not least, where would we have been without leaders?

In the writing of "Our Miracle Battery," I have endeavored to show the activities of Battery F, 102nd Field Artillery, from its organization, through the battles participated in, and back home again, after eighteen months of foreign service. On numerous occasions I have mentioned the names of Batterymen, but in doing so I have selected no one in particular, so anyone not mentioned in the book, should not be offended, for each and everyone served his best wherever he was ordered.

A better body of men could not have been brought together than those of our Battery. Whenever the Battery was called to perform any task it was ready, whether in fighting or playing.

In action, the Battery was, on several occasions, complimented on its excellent work, by high officials. One thing more important to the men than hundreds of such compliments, was the fact that we enjoyed the confidence of our Infantry.

One does not realize how much more the word friendship means in war. Supposing you were hit by a piece of shrapnel and fell out in a field where shells were exploding all about you. Another fellow saw your plight, went out and carried you back to safety—that is true friendship. Perhaps you were sick and a comrade brought you a piece of toast (probably his own ration) or else he tucked in the blankets around you, "just like mother used to do"—that is real friendship, not a matter of form, but a matter of fact.



The devotion to duty shown by Batterymen was remarkable. One fellow named ("Gunboat") Smith, hearing a barrage called for late at night, hurried from his dug-out towards the guns, and ran into some old German barbed-wire. He finally got out of it, but had cut his leg severely. He went to the gun and commenced firing, when his cut was noticed by his Sergeant, who ordered him to go have it dressed. After much persuasion he left. He returned shortly afterwards, again assisting in the firing, when the Sergeant discovered that he had not had his leg dressed, because he felt he should be at the guns. Finally the non-com. detailed two men to take him and make sure his leg was properly taken care of. Such was the eagerness of the Batterymen to do their duty, and although it was only one of the many such instances, it shows the spirit of the Batterymen.

Oftentimes upon our return I heard remarks to this effect, "Wasn't it a miracle that such a large number of men should go through all the engagements Battery F did, and return with total losses of five by death?"—thus, my title, "Our Miracle Battery."

While writing this book, I have, on numerous occasions, asked several fellows about certain dates. Although I kept a diary throughout the war, several times I have had incorrect dates. Sometimes I could prove that my dates were correct, the difficulty arising because of something happening at midnight. One person would put down that date, and another, the date of the following day. Although I expect some Batterymen to still disagree on certain dates, I have now every reason to believe that those in this book are correct.

In closing, I am greatly indebted to Capt. Winfred MacBrayne for editing, and to Sergt. George Faneuf for valuable information, as well as the various Batterymen who corroborated my statements.

Respectfully,

Jan. 1, 1920.

GEORGE MOZLEY.



“THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE  
FIVE BATTERY MEN WHO GAVE THEIR  
LIVES IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR HUMANITY.”







## In Memoriam

---

CORPORAL GERALD REX THOMAS SILK  
Died, July 18, 1918 From Wounds

CORPORAL MAHLON WEBB DENNETT  
Died, August 10, 1918 From Wounds

CORPORAL GEORGE RALPH QUESSY  
Died, November 1, 1918 From Wounds

PRIVATE WINTHROP ALVIN WRIGHT  
Died, December 31, 1918 From Pneumonia

PRIVATE JOHN HOWARD BAKER, Jr.  
Died, January 3, 1919 From Pneumonia

“MUSTERED OUT”



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## CHAPTER I

### *Organization—Training—Departure.*

When America entered the war, men prominent in military affairs throughout the state of Massachusetts, began to perfect plans for a regiment of artillery. One battery was to be formed in each of the following cities: Haverhill, Lawrence, Lowell, New Bedford, and two in Worcester. It was intended that the batteries were to be motorized and have 47 guns. Sumner H. Needham of Lowell, having been an officer in the artillery, was given the opportunity to organize the Lowell battery. Recruiting began immediately.

A mass meeting was held at City Hall, and before a large audience Mayor O'Donnell of Lowell, Lieut. Col. Thorndike Howe, and Lieut. Needham, spoke about the proposed regiment and battery. Everyone who attended will remember Lieut. Col. Howe's clear emphasis, when he said, "If you do not desire to see active service in France, do not enlist in this organization, for, I believe that as soon as we are ready, we will be sent to do our part in the great struggle." At the close of the meeting a large number signed up. They were then ordered to report at the High School Hall on Wednesday evening, April 11, for the physical examination.

Meanwhile, a recruiting station was opened on Merrimack Street. Here, more men signed up, among them a large delegation from the Lowell Textile School, and a large group from Andover. Apparently there would be no difficulty in organizing the proposed battery.

An order was then sent to all the men who had passed the physical examination, to report at the High School Annex on Monday evening, April 16, 1917, for the purpose of mustering the men into the State

Service, and the organization of the Lowell Battery. The men were inspected by several officers, and then sworn into the service for the duration of the war. The election of a Captain and two Lieutenants was called for, and Sumner H. Needham became Captain, with Edward R. Watts and Winfred C. MacBrayne as First Lieutenants. It was stated that the batteries would be named alphabetically in accordance with the speed the full number of men were recruited. The Haverhill Battery reached its quota first, thereupon becoming Battery A. The Lowell Battery was a close second and became Battery B. Battery members then received the following notice.

Battery B, 2nd Mass. F. A. N. G.

Order

Lowell, April 20, 1917.

No. 1

1. You are ordered to report at the State Armory, Westford St., Lowell, Monday evening, April 3, 1917, at 8 P. M., for Federal Inspection.

2. No man will be excused under any circumstances. You must be there.

3. Present this order at door for admittance to Armory.

S. H. NEEDHAM,

*Captain.*

The next order received was to report at the Armory on Wednesday evening, May 2, 1917, for the purpose of electing two second Lieutenants. On that evening George Emsley and Lawrence B. Page were elected. It being essential that in case of our going across we should have some reliable man to take care of our interests, the Battery was fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Otto Hockmeyer. He then became the Father of the Battery.

Drills had now begun and were held on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Guns, harnesses, foot movements, guard duty, etc., were all thoroughly explained. The officers were able to secure a 3" gun and, also, the loan of horses, thereby making the drill far more interesting.

Every week the uniforms were expected. Memorial Day came and they had not arrived. The men paraded in civilian's clothes, and received a good reception all along the line.

It then became necessary that we have a Battery Fund, from which money could be drawn to buy food, etc., in case of emergency. For this a Farewell Dance was held at the Armory on June 15, 1917. The building was filled to its capacity. After the Battery was formed, Lieut.

Gov. Coolidge spoke to us. First Sergt. Currie, in behalf of the Battery, presented a valuable pair of field-glasses to Captain Needham, and a Guidon was presented to the Battery by Paul Menassian of Lowell. Dancing was enjoyed, and the affair was a grand success due to the efforts of Lieut. W. C. MacBrayne, who had charge of the arrangements, and to the generosity of the people who helped in various ways.

After several truck trips to Boston, the uniforms at last arrived, and were distributed by Supply Sergt. Soucy, on July 20, 1917.

On Wednesday, July 25, 1917, the Battery was called out to report at 8 A. M. at the Armory. More equipment was given out and then followed inspection. At noon we received our first army meal, served under the direction of Mess Sergt. Cole. It consisted of fish, bread, butter, apple pie, and milk. We were dismissed about 6 P. M. and



BATTERY "F" STREET AT BOXFORD, MASS.

then reported at 8 A. M. the following day. After roll-call we marched to the South Common for drill. Then we marched around the city. After dinner we were issued blankets and were taught how to make rolls, etc. The next morning we were ordered to report at 5 o'clock, equipped for camp.

Originally one of the Worcester batteries had been Battery B. Consequently they asked us to exchange our letter name with them. We now became Battery F of the 2nd Mass. Field Artillery.

Owing to orders received, Lieut. Page was transferred to another battery, and we received Lieut. Simpkins in his place.

On Friday, July 27, 1917, we reported as ordered and made up our rolls, etc. After breakfast the command was given to fall in. Rolls were called and we marched to the Middlesex St. Depot, where we entrained amid the cheers and pushing of a crowd estimated at about 5,000 people. After a few hours ride we arrived at Boxford, a little town near the better known town of Georgetown, with Haverhill being the nearest city.

As we marched to the fields which were to be our camp ground, we thought, by the appearance, that it was wild pasture land. Soon after our arrival, however, streets were marked out and tents began to go up. The day was very warm and about the middle of the afternoon a terrific thunder storm came up. Tents were blown over, and havoc was raised in general. One man in Battery A of Haverhill was killed, but no one in our Battery received serious injuries.

Our camp was named Camp Curtis Guild, in honor of the former governor of Massachusetts. Our real army life began now and we drilled in all sorts of formations.

Sunday, August 5, was known as Lowell Day, when the parents, wives, sweethearts and friends of the boys came to visit. An entertainment was given by talent from Lowell and everyone enjoyed himself.

Some of the batteries received a few horses, so occasionally we were allowed to clean them, etc. A number of 3" guns, property of the First Mass. Field Artillery were used also for drill by the battery.

During August another regiment came in, composed of Maine, New Hampshire, and Connecticut men; thus making three regiments in the camp.

On Saturday afternoons and Sunday a certain percentage received passes for home, and occasionally a pass was given during the week from 6 P. M. of one day to 6 A. M. of the following. A large number of the boys took advantage of this, especially the Andover boys, who were quite near their homes.

A regular army officer named Maurice Locke, now arrived to become our Colonel. By his appearance we expected a very strict man, but we agreed that a strict officer would be a real leader in time of action.

At this time there was considerable talk about our division, the 26th, going to a camp known as Greene, in the South; so we did not know whether to think we were going "across" from Boxford, or to some other camp, first.

Every night a large number of visitors came to camp, and on one Sunday the Provost Guard counted over 7,000 automobiles parked in the camp.



The Regimental Chaplain, Markham Stackpole of Andover, held boxing, wrestling, etc., in the evening; and at darkness one could go to the outdoor movies for amusement.

On the morning of Thursday, August 16, 1917, we were inspected physically by Federal Doctors and a few of the boys were discharged for various reasons, flat feet, etc. Our equipment was then laid out and checked by other officers. After this the Battery marched to the railroad and entrained for Lowell where a Lowell Day was being held for the soldiers and sailors. Arriving in Lowell, we marched to the North Common, where we remained until the start of the parade. All along the line of march a hearty greeting was given, while church and firebells rang in welcome. The people in the windows threw confetti and streamers at the passing troops. At the end of the parade exercises were held on the South Common, and then the men marched to the Kasino where an excellent buffet lunch was served. The Battery was dismissed and we were told to report at the depot at 8.30, where we again entrained for Boxford, reaching camp about midnight, tired but happy.

A short while afterwards the Andover boys received a similar reception in Andover. The Lowell fellows who could get passes attended.

A few days later we were reviewed by Gov. Samuel McCall of Mass., and on the following Saturday by Major-Gen. Clarence Edwards of our division. Understanding that such reviews usually meant a move, we began to look for it. The numbers of our regiments were now larger, as we had been sworn into the Federal Service. We became Battery F of the 102nd Regt. F. A.; while the other regiments became the 101st and the 103rd. We noticed the 101st men were packing boxes, etc., with strange marking on the outside. We decided it might mean "overseas." About the 7th of Sept. 1917, the 101st Regt. shipped away one night for no one knew where, or if they did no one told.

Several companies of Coast Artillery, mostly Rhode Island men, came to camp, and our Battery was assigned a few of them.

At this time we realized the value of having a "Father of our Battery," for we received from Mr. Hockmeyer, toilet articles and other necessities which came in very handy in such a place.

Our Battery had a mascot in the shape of a Boston Terrier named "Teddy," who became very much attached to the boys.

Orders were issued, soon after the departure of the 101st, that no more passes would be given, and on Thursday, Sept. 20, 1917, we realized that it would be our last night in camp. A group of replacements arrived from Camp Devens, and we were assigned several. Our Battery

father, Mr. Hockmeyer, was presented a loving cup in behalf of the Battery. The boys gathered about the fires talking and singing. Many tears were shed and good-byes said, as the boys kissed their loved ones farewell.

The next day, Sept. 21, 1917, at 1 P. M., the order was given to drop the tents and every tent of our regiment dropped to the ground. The rest of the afternoon was spent in getting ready to leave. Lieut. MacBrayne, much to our disappointment, received orders to report to the Major as Adjutant, so we received another officer in his place. About 10 P. M. we entrained and left soon afterwards. As we passed various depots large crowds had gathered and about midnight we arrived in Lowell. Although orders were given that all windows and curtains be kept down, it was very difficult for the guards to watch everybody, and all sorts of things were thrown in by the large, excited crowd.

We continued on through Ayer, Springfield, Mass., then into Hartford, Berlin, Meridian, Wallingford, New Haven, Stratford, Bridgeport, Southport, and Greenwich, Conn.; then into New Rochelle, Harlem, and finally arriving at the Bronx in New York.

At different places along the way the boys who were lucky enough to have postal-cards, wrote a message on them and threw them out of the window, hoping that some kind souls would find and mail them.

We detrained in the Bronx and boarded the river steamer "Grand Republic," which took us down the East River and then up into Hoboken, New Jersey. The Colgate Clock, Manhattan, Blackwell's Island, the Harlem, Queensborough, Williamsburg and Brooklyn bridges all proved of great interest to the boys. We got off the steamer at Dock No. 2 of the German-Lloyd Line. We boarded the transport "Finland," which was alongside the famous "Vaterland." As we understood that no animals were allowed on a transport, our "Teddy" was wrapped up in an overcoat and carried on. We were assigned to our quarters, several holds down, and to our amazement, if we looked under the canvas on the floor we could see the iron in the cargo. Our bunks were made of canvas and were three tiers high.

The next day, Sunday, Sept. 23, 1917, at noon, the "Finland" left the docks, and went down the harbor passing the Statue of Liberty. All men were ordered below deck, until after a short sail, the anchor was dropped. The men swarmed all over the transport and gazed at New York City in the distance. As pleasure boats went by the passengers waved and our boys cheered. We noticed that near us were other transports, destroyers, etc., so thought these must be of our convoy. As darkness came on it was a wonderful sight to see New York City, as

well as the famous Statue of Liberty, lighted up. Some of the boys grew tired and went below and it was noticeable that the last thing they looked at was the Statue of Liberty. Would they ever see it again? Would they even ever see America again? Time would tell!

At about 10.30 the anchor was pulled up, the engines began to work, and soon the transport "Finland" with Battery F, was on her way, ready to run the gauntlet of submarines, to land her load of human freight on the other side.

## CHAPTER II

### *Voyage—France—Training.*

The next morning, Sept. 24, 1917, as the boys came on deck, all that could be seen were the ships of the convoy. Early in the morning one of the transports developed engine trouble and returned, but the others, the Henderson, and Antillus, as well as our boat, the Finland, 12,870 tons, 14 knots and having four 4" guns aboard, continued on.

The transports were accompanied by the Tanker Maumee, the cruiser San Diego, and three destroyers. Guards were posted at different stations throughout the transport, some fellows even being assigned to the "crow's nest." Orders were issued that nothing was to be thrown overboard during the day, because if the men on a submarine saw, for instance, orange peelings on the water, they would know that a ship was not a great distance away. At night no one was allowed to smoke, and all lights were to be kept out, unless absolutely necessary. In that case, they were to be covered in such a way that no light could be seen by submarines.

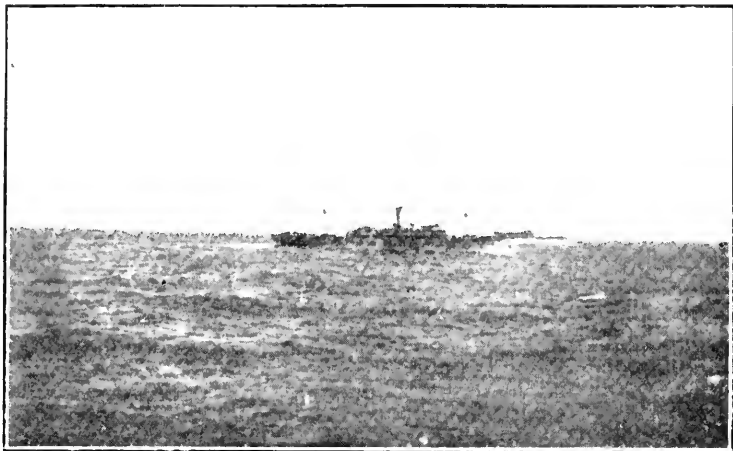
Lifeboat drill was given every day, everyone proceeding to his own boat, without running or disorder. We were then assigned positions in the boats and told where to row in case of leaving the ship. We were each issued life-preservers, which we had to carry with us continuously.

September 25th found many of the boys at the railing of the ship, not caring whether the ship sank or not. Others played cards, read, etc. In the afternoon the usual boat-drill was held. When time came to "dine," each battery was given a certain time to go. Several times during the day a destroyer left for a few minutes to investigate something that was sighted in the distance. Everything was to be reported that was sighted, even a soap-box, for who could tell but that soap-box was a mine?

The food was very poor, usually, and consisted of rice, prunes, fish or "horse"-meat, with coffee like mud.

On September 26th, a sailor on the San Diego was washed overboard. Like a shot another sailor was in the water after him. A boat put out and took the two men aboard the cruiser, and she continued on her way.

September 27th found most of the boys over their sea-sickness, having found their sea-legs. Our Battery-barber, Daniel Gray, opened up his shop on deck, and many of the boys took advantage of it. About noon a ship was sighted and like a flash a destroyer went to it, circled around twice and returned with the information that it was a boat running from Holland to America.



THE CONVOY IN THE WAR ZONE

On September 28th, 1917, we were informed that we had entered what was known as the war-zone, and so a number of extra guards were posted. An observation-balloon went up on the San Diego to watch for submarines, etc. Of course, the usual army rumors were in circulation such as: "a school of submarines were waiting for us a few miles ahead," and, "at Wall St. betting was ten to one we didn't get there." We were told that because of the fact that the captain of our transport had taken so many Allied troops safely to France from Canada, the Germans had put a large sum of money up for the submarine crew that could get him.

About 10.30 on the morning of September 29th, the destroyers chased an object said to have been a submarine, but which proved to be

a tramp steamer. In the afternoon a fire and a life-boat drill was held, followed by calisthenics on the promenade-deck, that being the only time, with the exception of going to meals, that we were allowed there.

On Sunday, September 30th, services were held in the wells of the transport, by Chaplain Stackpole. Most of the fellows attended.

We had now been abroad one week, which was, in the opinion of most of the fellows, one week too long.

October 1st, we were said to be a few hundred miles from the coast of Spain. During the afternoon another tramp ship was sighted. After dark an entertainment was given in the wells by several boys of the regiment. Our Battery was represented by John E. Collins of Andover in songs, and Royal K. Hayes of Dracut, in readings. The Regimental band gave a number of selections which the boys enjoyed very much.

On October 2nd, the life-boats were lowered to the railing, and orders were issued that life-belts must be, not only carried, but worn, at all times.

October 3rd, found us in very rough seas. We were told that we were now in the Bay of Biscay, with only a few more days sailing. Every morning we were told to get up an hour earlier because we were then in very dangerous water, and the submarines do most of their work either at sunrise or sunset.

On October 4th, we were met by destroyers from France of the U. S. Navy, so those that were with the cruiser turned back, no doubt to meet another convoy.

On Friday, October 5th, at about 9.45 A. M. land was sighted, and a short time afterwards we passed Belle Isle, the famous submarine base. Naval planes came to meet us, circling around the transports, and then going to land. We anchored and waited for high tide. During the afternoon we set sail again, up the Loire River into St. Nazaire in Brittany, getting in about 6 P. M. (ship time). Then we saw the French people, soldiers in their blue uniforms, a few Americans with them, a number of civilians dressed mostly in black, and a large number of children giving us, in their own quaint way, a welcome. We also saw German prisoners for the first time. Hundreds were working at the docks. They looked at us in amazement, as if to say, "How did you get by our submarines?" The large number of Ford machines running around surprised us, for we thought we had seen the last in America.

That night, when we looked at the captain of the transport, his relief at having safely landed his cargo of human lives, was very evident. All the way across he was never seen to smile but that night he wore

a big smile and his eyes shone brightly, seeming to say, "Well, that's another trip to my credit and another bit towards defeating the Huns."

We stayed aboard that night, and the next day, October 6th, we unloaded our barrack-bags, officer's trunks, etc. In the afternoon we went for a march to the camp to which we had been assigned. This march was very acceptable to all. We had been aboard the boat so long that it did us good. That night a certain percentage of the boys were given a few hours leave from the boat.

On October 7th we took our rolls, and marched to our camp, where we found other American troops, among them the Marines, some Engineers and Ambulance men, and a unit from the University of California. Details began immediately, and the next day a number were detailed to help unload the transport *Pennsylvania*. All along the beach were hundreds of boxes containing Ford ambulances which had not been put together.

The next few days were spent in drilling. The rain poured down making us all feel miserable. Even our barracks leaked, so a number of the boys pitched their pup-tents inside, but this did not prevent our sleeping in puddles.

Another day was spent unloading transport. Fords and parts of Baldwin Locomotives were among the things taken off. Then details began on a reservoir to which we were taken in trucks. This proved very hard work, due greatly to the small amount of food we received at that time.

On Sunday, October 14th, a great many of the boys were given passes to visit St. Nazaire, while those who didn't went to the Y. M. C. A. to write letters, etc. During the day three hundred and fifty Ford Ambulances, driven by Americans, left for the front. In the afternoon our battery baseball team played the Marines and succeeded in defeating them.

On October 15th we worked again at the reservoir. We went home early so that we might carry out the order that all men must take a bath. Everyone was checked off after he had taken his bath. The water was ice-cold, and those who did not catch cold, felt the better for it.

The next day we again worked on the reservoir. We wondered why we had to do it, and were informed that until a larger number of troops arrived, we, who were already there, must be engineers, stevedores, or whatever was needed. After returning from work at night we were issued automatic pistols.

On October 17th we marched to the depot at St. Nazaire and

entrained. After travelling for thirteen hours in box cars, better known as "Sidedoor Pullmans," we arrived at Guer, where we got into French trucks and were taken to Camp Cretquidan, called by Napoleon the Camp of Death, because of the number of men he lost there, through sickness. It was about sixty miles from St. Nazaire, and about twenty miles from Rennes. We rolled in our blankets at midnight. About four A. M. we heard the booming of guns, so we thought we must be near the front, but we found it was French guns firing out on the camp range.

When we heard the whistles for us to get up, we thought the army had gone to pieces for it was almost half past seven in the morning! After breakfast some mail that came over with us was given out and then we looked over the camp. At one end was the 101st F. A. which had left Boxford just a short while before us. We saw hundreds of Germans working on stables, etc., and also a number of French Infantry. At several places we could purchase bread and jam for a few cents. At the conclusion of our inspection, it was the general opinion that the camp had not been remodelled much since Napoleon left.

Drills began immediately on the famous French "75's," and on October 24th the battery fired its first shot on the range. The 103rd F. A. had now arrived and had barracks near ours. At night we were allowed to go to the edge of the camp where there were stores and cafes.

We never saw so much mud before in all our lives. Everywhere there seemed to be mud. One fellow said, "Who ever called this country 'Sunny France'? I should call it 'Muddy France'."

The prisoners thought we were English in disguise, because, they said, we "could never get by their submarines."

A Private in the United States Army gets more pay than a French Lieutenant. Prices began to advance rapidly, the people, no doubt, getting the idea that we must be millionaires.

On October 25th we were lined up and inspected by General Pershing, accompanied by several American and French Generals with their staffs.

On October 28th Mass was celebrated, and at the rudely constructed altar worshipped American, French, and even Germans, watched by guards with fixed bayonets. Services were held for those of the other creeds in one of the barracks.

We had now received a large number of French horses, and here our troubles began. The horses were put in pairs, and three pairs were hitched to each gun or caisson\*. Perhaps the driver of the "lead" pair was formerly a clerk, the "swing" driver a painter, and the "wheel" a

\* Ammunition Wagon.



machinist, so some awful mixups occurred. Sometimes if six horses were pulling at a gun, and couldn't move it because they didn't pull together, two would be taken off and the gun would be pulled out by the four. As the horses were French, the drivers tried using French terms, such as, "B-r-r-r-r!" but they received orders to stop it.

After the horses were mated, etc., the guns were drawn out to the range, and while the cannoneers\*\* worked on the guns, the drivers learned to ride. The noble steeds were under the direction of Stable Sergt. Lavin, who had had experience with horses at the border. One driver said, after having been in a runaway, that if he came through all the horse training without being killed, he wouldn't fear the front, for it surely couldn't be much worse.

Sometimes on Sunday passes were issued to go to Guer, or to Rennes. On one occasion one of the Battery boys went into a store to inquire if they had any honey. The clerk could not understand, so our friend asked if he had any "B-z-z-z-z-z." The clerk then understood and informed him that they had none.

To take the trip to Rennes we had to leave camp early and go on a typical French railway. The train was so crowded sometimes that it was all the engineer could do to make some of the higher grades. After several hours' ride the twenty miles were finished, and the boys visited the museums, art galleries, cafes, etc., of interest to Americans. It was in this city that we had the first opportunity of seeing the Russian soldiers. We were impressed by their physical appearance. However, as their army had no discipline, of what use were they? They seemed to do as they pleased. Several of us were standing at a corner, when a Moroccan came up, spoke in French, and offered us cigarettes. The greeting was exchanged but no one took any cigarettes. It showed that the Moroccan meant well, however.

I was crossing the street when a truck went by like a shot, barely missing me. I looked up ready to give the driver my best regards, and was very much surprised to see that the driver was a French girl, of about twenty, who turned and waved "adieu" at me.

After the usual "feed," the day's activities were over, and we returned on the "speedy" railroad to camp, declaring that the ride on the train took the pleasure out of the day's fun.

We were surprised to find that one of the Cortquidan prisoners had been a Chef in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, while another had worked in Lawrence, Mass. When asked how they came to be in the German Army they declared they had been in Germany when war was declared, and so had to go.

---

\*\* Gun-crew

On November 2nd we heard that on the return voyage the Antillus had been sunk and the Finland had been hit, but managed to get to port.

On November 6th the Artillery of the Rainbow Division, the 42nd, composed of National Guard from the West arrived at camp. We moved into other barracks and gave them ours. One of our men met one of the Rainbow men, who asked our friend where our division was from. Upon being informed that we were the Artillerymen of the New England National Guard, the Westerner was surprised, because, he said that the press had printed all sorts of news that the Rainbow Division was to be the first National Guard in France, and here we were several weeks ahead of them.

About this time we began to receive considerable mail from America, which did much toward making us boys happy.

On November 7th we noticed an aviation camp being built between our camp and Guerre, and we also saw an observation balloon up in the camp, practising directing artillery fire.

The boys were now being taught to build dug-outs, gun-pits, etc., on the range.

The damp, rainy weather greatly affected the Rainbow men, and large numbers became ill, while a few died. Later, the camp went under quarantine for spinal meningitis, so everyone took particularly good care of himself.

One afternoon, as the body of a Rainbow man, draped with Old Glory and carried on a caisson drawn by six black horses, passed by, the Germans working on the side of the road were observed to stop work, remove their hats and hold them over their hearts until the procession passed by. Whether this was done out of respect or to gain sympathy is a matter of opinion; nevertheless, it looked very fine.

At different times a detail was sent from each battery to guard German prisoners for the day, and it was quite an acceptable job, as it gave the men an opportunity to talk with the Germans. Anyone else found talking with them was liable of court-martial.

On November 27th we were issued our steel helmets, and during the day, as we were at drill, we were inspected by General Summerall.

November 29th was Thanksgiving Day, and after "stables" in the morning we were dismissed until "stables" in the afternoon. During the morning sports were held between the 101st and 102nd Regts., and at noon a bountiful dinner of turkey, pudding, turn-overs, fruit, nuts, etc., was served. After dinner some of the boys went for walks, and did various things until "stables." With the exception of cleaning,

grooming, watering, and feeding the horses, we had quite a day to ourselves.

The hours of drill began to increase now and we were up before daybreak, eating our breakfast in the dark, then hitching our horses and starting for the range. At night we watered our horses, usually after dark. When it came to competitions our battery lived up to its letter "F," and was first, but when it came to watering, etc., we were usually last in order in the regiment, and several times in the brigade.

We now received about six Plattsburg or Training School officers to each battery, giving us plenty of officers. When one officer was instructing us, we had visions of a few minutes rest when he had finished, but when he had finished, we saw another waiting with something else; so we came to the conclusion that they must be working in reliefs.

All these new officers were known to us as "issue officers," and one fellow said, "They must be ordering by catalog now." However, these same men proved to be the finest types and leaders one could wish for.

On December 5th the Y. M. C. A. building, which had been under construction by prisoners since our arrival, was opened. The canteen was well supplied with cookies, canned goods, etc.

Early in the morning of December 6th, found us on our way to a little town named Beignon, where the guns were put in position and fired, while the drivers watered, groomed, and fed their horses. We were supposed to be acting as if at the front, and so no talking was to be done. Such orders were all right as far as they went, but when one of the old French horses stumbled, the driver would forget the order and out came a string of good wishes (?) to his horse.

About dark we started for camp, and after feeding and watering we were dismissed. Usually we went to our barracks, which by the way, did not have many windows, and was heated by two little stoves. Oftentimes a fellow would say, "Well, I'm going to lie down a few minutes and then I'll write a letter." It is needless to say that the letter wasn't written, for he was so tired that he went into a sound sleep.

On December 8th we heard the buglers blow "Pay-Day" and at noon we received our pay, while the band played "We won't be home until morning," etc.

On December 15th and 16th the French Red Cross held a very successful bazaar at the Y. M. C. A., and all sorts of articles could be purchased, such as candy, pastry, and souvenirs. The biggest attraction was the pretty French nurses, as will be noted by the following conversation heard at that time.

"Say Bill, let's go up to the bazaar."

"No, I was up there last night."

"Well, let's go again, for we don't see real pretty French girls like that every day, and do you know, seeing them last night did my eyes good."

About this time our Christmas boxes began to arrive, and so the boys were cheered up considerably.

We now had longer drill hours, and extra drill in riding, etc. We all wondered what the front could be like with training camp like that.

Then came December 25th, and Christmas. After stables we were dismissed until afternoon stables. About one o'clock we had a splendid dinner, similar to that of Thanksgiving Day, but after each man received his, he went into the barracks to eat from tables set for that purpose. Everything was decorated, and after dinner Captain Needham introduced the various entertainers of the battery, who were Royal K. Hayes, Daniel Gray, Malcolm Dennett, William Soucy, and others. Different men were called upon to speak. There was one thought in everyone's mind, "Shall we be home next Christmas?"

About this time mumps, and measles broke out in camp, the Battery getting its share. It was very fortunate that shortly before a Navy Unit of doctors and nurses had arrived at the camp hospital. Therefore all men were taken good care of.

A doctor came to one of our boys and, with a smile on his face, said, "Do you know, sonny, that I can tell you are from Massachusetts by the way you talk?" Our man replied, "Well, it is just as easy for me to tell that you are from Kentucky." The doctor admitted that he was right.

Of course, no visitors were allowed where the measles and mump wards were, but it was a common occurrence for the well members of the Battery to sneak in while the nurses were out. With these kind nurses there the fellows felt as the words of a well known popular song go, "I don't want to get well....."

Firing, nights, at the range now commenced, and consequently the fellows had very little spare time.

On January 16th we received our gas masks, one French and the other English. After instruction by several officers, we put on one of them and went for a short march.

It had been quite a while since we had had a bath, so on January 20th we went to one of the camp kitchens where each man bathed in a pail of warm water. A lieutenant, then, very kindly cooled us off with cold water from a hose. The warm water was fine, but the cold,—well, as one fellow said, "It's a lucky thing that in the army we are not allowed to hit an officer."

On January 24th two guns of the 42nd Division were blown up, killing two men and injuring several others.

January 25th we noticed several airplanes flying over camp.

On the evening of January 31st a band concert was given at the Y. M. C. A., followed by speeches by Majors Herbert and Goodwin. They were about our leaving soon for the front, and what we might expect.

February 1st we had another gas mask drill and then went into a barrack where there was a little harmless gas. When we were well inside we were told to remove our masks and go out. There was a terrible rush for the door amid the coughing and sneezing of the crowd.

On February 2nd the 101st F. A. left camp, while we made preparations to leave. At the gun-park, a box car was measured out and we received instructions as to how to put the horses and guns on.

February 3rd we finished our preparations, while just before dark we made up our rolls. Were the boys down-hearted? No! One crowd from one barrack came over armed with water, bags, etc., to make a raid on the other; while pillow-fights, and such performances were plentiful. About midnight, those who could, went to sleep in overcoats.

February 4th we had some sandwiches, and then hitched the horses. We then pulled down the main street on our way to Guerre, while the Rainbow boys yelled, "Good-luck!"

As soon as he arrived at Guerre, the cannoneers put the guns on flatcars, while the drivers loaded the horses in box cars. Eight horses were put in a car, four on either side, while the driver stayed in the center. In some cases, three large horses were in on one side, and they took up so much room that two drivers pushed them together, while the fourth horse was backed in. Hay and grain were put in each box car with rations for the drivers.

After the cannoneers had loaded the guns, they piled into box cars. A short time after noon the whistle blew, and the Battery was on its way to active fighting.

## CHAPTER III

### *At The Front—Chemin Des Dames*

The next day, February 5th, as we rode along in the train we noticed old trenches, barbed-wire, etc., and just about dark, we arrived at Pommiers, where we unloaded. It was then very dark and we moved over the roads until we arrived at some old barracks, formerly German property, about seven miles from the front line. After taking care of our horses, we retired for a few hours sleep, with the exception of those who were given guard duty.

The next morning we could hear the guns booming in the distance. We put branches, etc., on our guns to camouflage them. We were ordered to keep out of sight, for a number of planes were flying around, and some of them might be Germans.

In the woods nearby we saw dug-outs, trenches, and such things, and it was there that some of the boys found their first souvenirs.

On February 8th, while we were at the same place, we noticed some American Infantrymen coming up the road. They were the Milk Battalion, or Co. M, I. L. K., of the 104th Infantry. As a large number of them were formerly of the 6th Regt. of Massachusetts, we found many acquaintances.

On that afternoon we went to a nearby ruined village, where, to test our gas masks, we put them on and went into a cave where there was gas.

Early the next morning, February 9th, we left for the front. About noon we noticed some planes at which the French anti-aircraft guns were firing, so we knew that they were German planes. Suddenly we heard a shrill noise and then an explosion. What was it? We moved along quickly, and then one of our officers said that the noise we had heard, was a shell, no doubt directed at us by the German aviator. But it had gone past us, and for this we were very thankful.



THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT CRECY-LE-MONT

Next we stopped for a rest near a French fort and all the French came out to see us. They told us they thought we must be English, as we were the first Americans they had seen. As soon as our boys passed them a cigarette from America, the Americans were "bon."

Our next move was to Crecy-le-mont, about five kilometers from the front, where the Echelon\* was established. At darkness our first two sections went up to the front and went into position at Coucy-le-Chateau. At both places all lights were ordered to be kept from showing, and gas masks, etc., were to be carried at all times.

From the position and on the roads to it one could see the star-shells going up in No-Man's Land, and that night the remaining gun sections, the 3rd and 4th, went up and into position.

The next day, February 10th, the first piece registered and the first shot was fired by Anthony Drouin.

Our nearest neighbors were the 8th Battery, 35th Regt. of French. On both nights the trips were made without any shells landing near.

On Monday, February 11, 1918, the whole Battery fired its first shot at the enemy in the World War. Ten shells and eleven shrapnel were fired. The batteries of the regiment were brigaded with the French.

We now had the opportunity of seeing what the enemy seemed to take pleasure in doing—destroying—for we noticed orchards everywhere, where the trees had been sawed a few feet from the ground and toppled over. The churches, gravestones, etc., had been smashed to dust.

We had quite a bit to do with the censors, who often returned our letters because we wanted to tell too much. We also heard of many incidents regarding the censors. One fellow wrote home saying, "Dear Ma, yesterday we raided the enemy and drove them completely to Hell." The censor sent it back to the writer with this explanation, "You are not allowed to state the location of the enemy's headquarters."

We received Field Cards to be sent when we did not have time to write letters. On the back of them, the following form was printed.

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. IF ANYTHING ELSE IS ADDED THE POST CARD WILL BE DESTROYED.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital.

(sick) and am getting on well.

(wounded) and hope to be discharged soon.

Place where horses, supplies, etc., are kept.





were those of the enemy, by the throb of the engine. The Allied engines were much more "even" than those of the enemy.

On the night of February 15th, at the Echelon, the order was given at 7 o'clock for "Lights Out;" and a few minutes later, four bombs exploded. Because of the concussion, it was thought that they had landed just a few yards from the stables.

The next morning the fellows went out to look for the bomb-holes. After several minutes walk, they found them in a line, which led us to believe that the aviator thought there was a battery-position there. Of course, those at the position received similar receptions, all helping to make us realize that we were in action.

We noticed that our observation balloons were up, and on February 18th, we saw a Boche brought down.

On February 22nd, it being Washington's birthday, we received a few turkeys with our rations. Not enough to make it noticeable, however. At night, the drivers taking up the ammunition, received a shelling from the enemy. (Perhaps they, too, were celebrating.)

On the night of February 27th, about midnight, Sergt. Halloran, attached to our battery, dreamed that he was in a gas-attack and yelled "Gas." Everyone woke up and began to get on their masks, when Halloran explained that he had spoken in his sleep. Nevertheless, it was a good rehearsal.

About the first of March, the Battery-guns went into position at Antiouche Farm, the Echelon moving to Leury. The new position was a place the enemy seemed to know a great deal about. All the fields, roads, etc., contained a great many shell holes. While at this position Chief Mechanic Hartman was ordered to go out in front of the guns, and, as an experiment, set off a smoke-bomb. He did as directed, and, as the cloud of smoke came forth, the enemy observers saw it. They immediately shelled the place, and the Chief was lucky to get back safely.

On March 8th, a German balloon broke loose. Before it got very far they shot it down.

Our Infantry were in a cave near Neuville, and said cave was supposed to be natural, with space enough to hold the whole 26th Division.

On March 10th, we heard that Lieut. MacBrayne, formerly of our Battery, but now of the balloon service, had stayed in his balloon under terrific shell-fire, and was to receive the Croix de Guerre.

March 11th, about 9.30 P. M., an enemy plane, a Gotha, was brought down, the petrol tank having been pierced by a piece of shrapnel. The occupants were all alive, but badly shaken up. They were 1st Lieut.

Wolfe, the noted flier credited with 33 victories, 2nd Lieut. Kaemerer, credited with 19, and a Bavarian Sergt.-Major named Fischer. The two Lieutenants got out of the plane, but were soon captured. Fischer's back was broken, and he was carried to a dressing-station where he died shortly afterwards. The trio were returning from a raid on Paris.

March 13th, we received some Christmas boxes from America, so we said, "Better late than never."

On March 15th, the enemy did considerable bombing around the positions, but did not do much damage.

On the night of March 16th, the enemy shelled all the positions severely. They received as good as they sent, however. During the firing, the fourth piece was blown up, but as a long lanyard was being used, no one was injured.

March 18th, "E" and "D" pulled out of position, and the next morning their positions received a terrific shelling. At darkness our guns were pulled out, and, as we went down the road, shells landed quite near us. We met a regiment of French Infantry going in. We thought that the enemy knew we were either going out or the French coming in. We reached the Echelon at Leury, without any mishap.

The next day, March 20th, we packed everything and at darkness pulled out. It was a cold, but moonlight night. Above us were the searchlights of the French, scanning the skies, so we knew the enemy planes were out. We commenced to load at Pommiers at eleven o'clock, with Capt. Needham in charge. It was very slow work, but as we thought we were on our way for a rest, we did not mind.

The next morning at four we pulled out, so we were now leaving the Chemin Des Dames sector, our first period at the front being finished without any losses in men.

## CHAPTER IV

### *At the Front—Toul Sector—(Seichprey-Xivray)*

All day long on March 21st, we stayed on the train and in our travels passed through the city of Chateau Thierry. At 9.30 that night we arrived at Brienne-le-Chateau, where we detrained, and at eleven, started on the road. It was another cold, but moonlight night.

At 4.30 the next morning we arrived at a little town where we took care of our horses. We then crawled into haylofts for sleep. At noon we had "stables" to do, and then dinner was served. After dinner we were ordered to turn all our revolver ammunition in. We wondered if we were to have a rest. The rest of the day was ours, and some of the fellows journeyed to a nearby town where considerable amusement was furnished when they "borrowed" the town-crier's drum.

Early the next morning we left, and travelled until dark. We again put up for the night at a place called Argancon.

The next morning, March 24th, we left again, and during the day we heard that the enemy was bombarding Paris with a large gun. However, we thought this to be more propaganda.

At night we put up at Arrentierres. Some of the fellows slept outdoors, some in barns, wood-sheds, etc.

The next day, March 25th, we left for the next place which proved to be Harriecourt. It was very tiresome riding either on the horses, or the guns and caissons, and so, no matter where we stayed we could sleep soundly.

After the next day's travels, we arrived at Provencheres, and the day after, March 27th, we arrived at what was to be our rest camp, Betencourt. Here, in most cases, we had good quarters, and it seemed an ideal place.

The next morning we cleaned our harnesses, horses and guns, and in the afternoon received more of each. At night some of the sections had supper at the different cafes.

On March 29th, Capt. Needham informed us that he was leaving us to become an instructor. He went to Camp Coetquidan.

At 4 A. M., March 30th, we received orders to be ready to leave immediately for the front. We were again issued our revolver ammunition, and about 8 o'clock we left, under command of Lieut. Gully. Rest? no—that was only a dream!

That night we stayed at Arranville.

The next day, Easter Sunday, we again travelled in the pouring rain. We passed through Doremi, where Joan of Arc was born. In the afternoon a large number of trucks passed us, the passengers being the Infantry of our Division. Later we passed a town in which the famous Foreign Legion was quartered. Each member seemed to have several medals, and we were informed that the Legion was made up of men of all types from all over the world. A rather dark complexioned member of the Legion passed by as we halted for a rest, so one of our boys thought that he would have a little fun with him, and said, "Hello, old-timer, how are you feeling?" To his surprise the person addressed turned and replied, "Very well, thank you. How are you?"

He then came over to us and in conversation we found that he was an Australian. He was so dark that we had all taken him to be an Italian.

At night we arrived at an old fort named De Pagny. It had an empty canal around it, and we entered over a draw-bridge. No one was around it but the caretaker, so we spent the night there.

The next morning we moved back to the last town we had passed, Champougny. There we took the quarters of the Foreign Legion, which was just leaving. They remained long enough to tell us a few stories, and when we had heard the tales of some of the Morrocan members of the Legion who spoke French, we agreed that we did not blame the Germans for running.

Lieut. Gully left with several of the Special Detail\* members for the new position.

The people of this town used us coldly, and several times shut their doors in our faces. For this reason we thought them to be Pro-German. It was the silent wish of the Battery-men that the enemy shell or bomb that town a little, and then perhaps the people would be a little more decent to us.

The Meuse, which flows through the town, was overflowing, and roads became impassable. Some of the boys went to the next town one

\*Section of signal men, telephone operators, etc.

night, and when they returned later on, they had to wade across the bridge.

On April 3rd, we left the town and went over the hills. As we were lost from our Supply-Company we got food for the horses and ourselves, wherever we could.

During the afternoon we halted on a highway and two of our guns were placed on trucks, and with the gun-crews, left for the new position. The rest of the Battery went on and stayed that night in Grandmenil.

About 2 A. M., April 4th, the guns on the trucks went into a position known as "409," about a hundred yards from Dead Man's Curve, between Mandre and Beaumont.

That same day the rest of the Battery arrived at Sanzey, the new Echelon. At night the other two guns went into position "442," in some woods near the town of Hammondville.

Our Battery relieved part of the 6th Regulars, and we were now in the Toul Sector.

Here we saw, for the first time, troops of the Italian Army. In Sanzey and other nearby towns were located the Salvation Army and Y. M. C. A. huts. In Ansonville was a Red Cross hut.

The shelling commenced immediately, and the dug-outs had so much water in them that it had to be pumped out. The stables were regular mud-holes.

The drivers now began to realize the good work the Salvation Army was doing, for after being up to the positions with ammunition, and returning just before daybreak, cold, wet and tired, they could get cocoa and cookies at the Salvation Army hut, free of charge.

The positions received some hot shelling, and the drivers found that the enemy had good registration on the roads, due to the fact that they could observe well from Mount Sec.

On April 10th to the 13th, the Battery had to do considerable firing, and they covered the attack at Appremont.

On April 19th, shells landed in the various towns and on all the roads, considerable gas was released. One of our boys said, "What, are they helping us to celebrate Patriots' Day?"

A short time before Charles Bowman was wounded.

All night the shelling continued and at 3.30 on the morning of the 20th, the enemy came over the top to get Seichprey. Gas was everywhere. The guns boomed on both sides, and the Battery fired for ten solid hours. All the high explosives had to be used. Each piece fired 950 rounds, when the orders came to pile up all shrapnel, there being 50 left per gun.

At "409" the guns had to be pushed out so as to cover the proper places. Consequently there was no protection. All the wires were cut and the Special Detail men were trying to repair them. The last report over the wires was "Germans enter Seichprey—still coming." The boys removed their shoes and put on rubber boots. They also got more revolver ammunition.

Lieut. Thompson, now commanding, ordered shrapnel to be cut for 50 metres, and to level gun at the ridge ahead. Who knew but that the enemy would be coming over the ridge in a minute? One shrapnel per gun was ordered to be cut at "O-O" to destroy the gun.

One of the boys had just received a box of "7-20-4" cigars from home, and, as he naturally expected that the enemy would soon arrive and he did not want them to get the cigars, he passed them around to all the boys, that their last smoke might be a "real one." Where were the Germans now? No one knew because of the communications being severed. Soon the cannoneers heard the familiar yells of the Battery drivers, and in they came with more ammunition. Each gun then fired 300 rounds more.

At "442" Lieut. Johnson, who was commanding, was wounded in the leg. By supporting himself with a cane, he continued to help by passing shells to the guns.

The third piece went out because of bad recoil, and during a lull in the battle, another arrived.

When communication was finally established all batteries of the regiment received orders to fire at one particular spot. We later heard that the reason for it was that two mobile enemy batteries had been drawn up and were doing a great deal of damage. They were annihilated by our regimental fire.

Lieut. Borden of the battery was the observer.

The firing let up considerably, and to the amusement of the boys, the before-mentioned man, who had passed out all his cigars, was now sorry he had done so, for he was neither captured nor killed, after all.

Philip White was bringing up ammunition when his horse was shot from under him.

Ambulances were running everywhere, gathering in the wounded and gassed, as best they could.

The Red Cross Hut in Ansonville was turned into a dressing-station, and, as during the battle eight men were wounded in thirty minutes in one street in Ansonville, the little room was soon filled.

Early in the morning of April 21st, our Infantry, under a "rolling barrage," gained all lost ground. The enemy, who were the Bavarian Guards, had a loss of 60 per cent.

The French nicknamed Seichprey, "Little Verdun," and they were greatly surprised at the fighting qualities displayed by the Americans.

A number of the boys received citations. Lieuts. Thompson and Johnson, and Sergts. Delmore and Gustafson received the Croix-de-Guerre.

Starting a few days after the Battle of Seichprey, for nearly a month our guns were fired very little. For about two weeks, hardly a shot was fired. The Americans had instruments with which they were trying to locate the enemy batteries. Had we fired without their knowledge it might have misled them. Orders then came that guns would only be fired at the Colonel's command.

On April 4th Co. M of the 101st Inf. came into Ansonville, so the boys saw many of their friends.

Around the first of May there seemed to be a great many air battles, etc. It was surprising to notice the number of "duds"\* which came over in this sector.

We heard that because of this fact an officer had taken one of them apart, and he had found it filled with sawdust, instead of powder, and a note saying, "I am doing my bit. Do yours!—A British Tommy."

On May 13th we saw eight Boche and four Allied aviators in a battle. After two Boche had been downed the rest got away very quickly.

In the town of Hammonville, Walter Scannell and Thomas Egan cooked for the boys at "442" and their kitchen became the Mecca of the 26th Division for men of all rank, from the General and Colonel down, and of all branches of the service, would stop to get warm and to get a drink, or a bite to eat. Both were as noted for their generosity as for their cooking.

On May 20th all the towns received a severe shelling, but not much damage was done.

On May 26th, at Sanzey, Elsie Janis, the noted actress, gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

On May 27th a number of little balloons came over, carrying propaganda from the enemy. When the drivers took up ammunition at night, they received a terrific shelling.

Later on, the Germans came over on a raid, and the Battery fired considerably. The raid was of no value to them, as they were soon driven back.

The next day a number of American aviators such as Rickenbacker and Campbell, flew over the different towns, and did stunts for the amusement of the soldiers.

\* Unexploding shells.



On May 30th, those not at the guns, went to the cemetery at Menil-la-Tour, where an impressive memorial service was held. Some French women brought flowers and placed them on the graves of the Americans. The 101st Infantry went "over" on a raid, and Bellageron of our Battery, who, with Lieut. Willard was attached to them for the raid, fired the red rocket which called for the barrage. The object of the raid was to get prisoners, so as to get information. One prisoner was taken, a young fellow, and as the barrage was known as the "Million Dollar Barrage," the prisoner was named the "Million Dollar Kid."

On June 1st, three enemy and two Allied planes were in battle, but the enemy withdrew without loss.

On the night of June 8th, the positions, towns and roads received severe shellings.

On June 10th, at the Salvation Army Hut in Sanzey, Capt. Choate of the Supply Co., had a number of colored engineers giving a performance and he called them Choate's Minstrels.

About this time a "sniper"\* was sent out to Jury Woods, with a crew picked from the various sections, under Lieut. Thompson. It consisted of Mechanic Desaulnier, Corp. Brown, Pvt. Cronshaw, Cole and Lindsey, W. Thompson and Thayer; Corp. Brown and Pvt. Thayer representing the Special Detail.

On June 12th there was a great deal of activity on both sides, and on the 15th considerable gas was directed toward us, causing a big artillery duel.

Part of a battery of the 147th, Field Artillery was attached to us for a few days, and Captain Donat Minot became our commanding officer.

Early on the morning of June 16th, the enemy started a terrific bombardment of the positions. The guns had to be put in the open to fire where they were ordered, so there was no protection. Both sides fired steadily, and at daybreak a Boche aviator came over "409" and peppered all around with his machine gun. The enemy sent considerable gas, so that the masks were off and on for over six hours.

Meanwhile, the drivers were rushing up ammunition, and evidently the enemy anticipated it, because they continuously shelled the roads.

We received word that five hundred of the enemy had come over to capture Xivray, but had been driven back with severe losses.

Later the shelling died down, but the drivers still brought ammunition, and the Special Detail men were trying to repair all the damaged lines. All that night the enemy kept firing at the towns, and the drivers

\* A Sacrifice gun.

still hauled ammunition, and when the order was given that enough had been hauled, they had been in the saddle thirty-six hours.

The next day we received a slight bombardment, no doubt a "card of thanks" from the enemy.

In the gun-pits a grenade was hung up, and in case the enemy ever came through, and we thought the guns were to be taken, it was to be dropped down, the muzzle and barrel would be welded to the breach, making the gun useless.

On June 23rd our Infantry went over on another raid and took sixteen prisoners, the Battery firing in the barrage.

On June 24th, we were relieved by the French and went that night to the Lemay Sector, to take part in what the French called a Coup Ce Main, meaning, possession of Force.

The "sniper" now returned to the Battery.

The next night we fired in a box barrage, while the French went "over." After we finished we moved out and headed for Sanzey.

In the morning we went through a little town where we saw some of the prisoners which had been captured in the raid.

We arrived in Sanzey about 9 A. M. All the harnesses, guns, etc., were cleaned that day, and the next day we rested. We heard that we were to move at nine that night, but we didn't. The enemy must have heard the same thing for a number of planes were flying over Sanzey at just that time.

Capt. Minot now became Major, and the Battery was again under Lieut. Thompson.

The next night, June 28th, about 9.30, we left Sanzey, and we went on to the main highway. We were leaving the Toul sector, which, we were told, had been given to us by General Foch. It was eighteen kilometres long. Our division had relieved one United States and one and a half French divisions, when we went there.

All night long we moved and early the next morning arrived at Ouche, where, after taking care of the horses, we went to barns to sleep.

When we awakened a number went to the nearby aviation field where the 90th Aero Squadron was situated. Carl Matthews succeeded in obtaining a ride in a plane, and enjoyed it immensely.

The next day, June 30th, we left Ouche and marched to Vaucouleurs, where Lieut. Thompson told us to try to load as quickly as possible. We loaded in forty-five minutes, seven less than any other battery.

French trains always leave on time, and suddenly ours pulled out, leaving a number on the platform

## CHAPTER V

### *Pas-Fini-Aisne-Marne—(Chateau-Thierry)*

All night long we were on the trains. We closely followed the depots on our maps and finally decided that if we went to the left we were going to Paris for a rest, but if we went to the right, we were going toward Chateau-Thierry, or to Hell! We went to the left. Hurrah! We could see Eiffel Tower in the distance and when we got to Noisy-le-Sec, we were only six kilometres from Paris. We must have received new orders, for we now headed nearly in the opposite direction, and bitter was our disappointment. One fellow said, "Well, they let us look at Paris from a distance, anyhow."

At 5 P. M. we unloaded at Dammartin in twenty minutes, breaking another record. We heard that "C" battery was bombed while unloading, a few hours before. We moved down the road until we came to a place sheltered by trees, where we had supper. While there the first battery of the 101st F. A. arrived and with them came the boys of our battery who had been left at Vaucouleurs. We then started over the roads. It was a cold but moonlight night.

During the night we passed through Lagny, and just before day-break, we arrived at a clean little town named Chalifert, hiking about 23 miles. Some were so tired that when they saw the Battery was to stay there, they dropped by the roadside and went to sleep. After everything had been carefully camouflaged, we pitched our pup-tents or went into barns.

The next day was ours, and many visited Lagny, or little nearby towns such as Esbley, etc.

The next day was July 4th, and it was declared that it be made as much a holiday as possible. The townspeople displayed flags and decorated their windows with roses, etc. During the morning our Battery defeated Battery "C" at baseball, for nothing was complete without a lit-

the Lawrence-Lowell rivalry. In the afternoon a large percentage celebrated by having a "real" sleep, for it was too warm for indulgence in sports.

At night we moved again, and after another long grind, at daybreak, we arrived at St. Cyr. At night the Battery moved into a position near Cocherel.

On the night of the 6th, two guns went forward, as the enemy was expected to attempt to come through. The orders were, "Fire when the enemy is seen coming through the wheat-fields."

The next day the enemy shot down two of our balloons, but our observers came down safely in parachutes.

On the night of the 7th, we once more moved, and at daybreak we arrived at some woods near Viller-sur Marne, where the Echelon was established while the guns went on and into position at Domptin, where we relieved the 15th Regulars of the 2nd Division. We met a large number of the 6th Marines, who told us what to expect, but everyone seemed to say, "The 26th will come through."

A rocket post was installed in the edge of some woods, where some members of the Special Detail watched and reported. It was very noticeable to them that every few minutes the enemy dropped shells on the main highway, which was the famous Paris-Metz road, showing that they had accurate range on it. The Battery did considerable firing, at what was thought to be an observation post.

In Domptin the boys found a number of hives, and by experimentation, found that gas-masks could be used for bees as well as gas, for they put them on, and with gloves managed to get considerable honey.

One fellow saw a cow grazing in a meadow, and, as there were no civilians around, it was anybody's property. This fellow decided it would be a good addition to the Battery and set out to get it. After quite a walk he finally arrived near the cow, so advanced more carefully. It did not move. There was a reason. It was being supported by a wire fence, and had been killed by a piece of shrapnel in its side.

We now found that we had other enemies to fight—cooties! One fellow said those he had were good friends for they always stuck right with him. There wasn't any clean underwear, and some fellows, while searching through the remains of a French house, came upon some. They immediately changed into it, and it wasn't men's either!

On the night of the 12th our guns went up ahead and succeeded in blowing up an observation post. They returned the next night to the old position.

It was now the custom for each section to send out a "sniper" for a few days, and about this time a piece returned from a terrible trip and another, the second, went out with the following crew: L. T. Johnson, Sergt. Daley, Corp. E. Larkin, Pvts. Chappell, Cole, Cronshaw and W. Thompson, with Sgt. Hosley and Pvt. Sjostrom of the Special Detail. The crew received a severe gassing, temporarily blinding some and causing all considerable discomfort.

On the 17th we left Domptin and moved forward near Paris Farm. It was a cold, rainy night, and the drivers could see the road only by the flash of the lightning.

The Great Allied Drive was now on! The Echelon remained in the original place.

The next day, the 18th, the drivers brought up ammunition, and in the distance the enemy balloons were noticed. Of course they must be seeing the movements. As they got nearer the position shells sometimes greeted them.

During the afternoon the position was shelled severely, and the men there started to "dig in." Late in the afternoon Gerald Silk and Forrest Butler, having completed a place to get shelter from splinters, had crawled in, when a shell landed there. Both were wounded, and were rushed to the hospital, where the former died. This was the first casualty of the Battery, and the death of Gerald Silk caused a sudden quietness to come over us all. He was respected by everyone and was very popular. Butler's foot was severely torn, but he pulled through his suffering. Later, some guns were located by instruments, and when the command to fire at them was given, 24 rounds were fired in 45 seconds, the fastest record of the Battery, but it was to avenge "Gerry" Silk.

The next day the guns moved to a former "155" position and stayed that night.

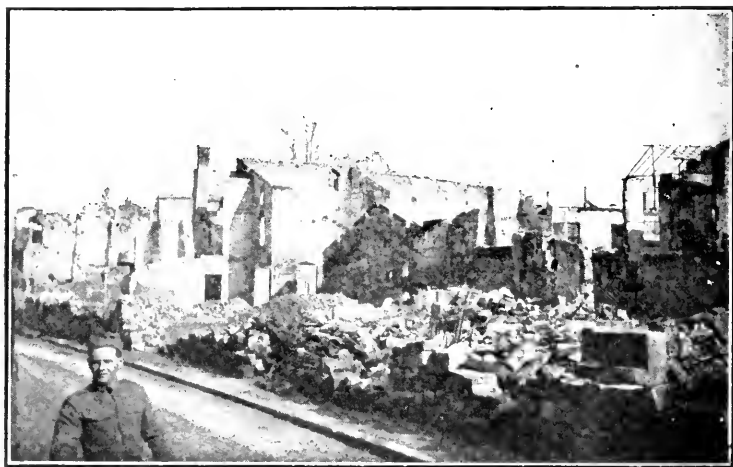
Early the next morning, the 20th, the guns fired in a heavy barrage for an attack. The Infantry were advancing so quickly that aeroplanes, at times, were the only means of communication.

After the attack the boys slept a little. In the early evening we started to pull out. The roads were very muddy and the horses could not move the guns. Finally, the men had to pull them out, a few inches at a time. When the good roads were reached, it was the morning of the 21st. When the move was started a gun of the enemy was found, totally destroyed, and it was believed that said gun was the one fired on to avenge "Gerry" Silk.

Our Battery was now commanded by Lieut. Lee Cover. At noon of the 21st, we pulled up to Belleau Woods, and Boureches, where we dug

in and set the guns, near the old trenches. There was no firing and at two o'clock we again left, passing through Boureches, under the railroad tracks which had been bombarded by us a short while before. We kept on until traffic held us up. Then we turned back and took another road, heading for the city of Chateau-Thierry. We reached it at night. The bodies of Americans, French and Germans were floating down the Marne River, from which the horses drank.

We moved on, and early in the morning of the 22nd we went into position near White Cross Farm, which was used as a dressing-station. Our position was on the right side of the road, and after dinner we received orders to change to the left. Two guns had been changed when members of the 104th Infantry came up and lined up in front of our guns,



RUINS AT CHATEAU-THIERRY

ready to go to the trenches. The signal was given to go and when they started off single file, a French battery, thinking they were the enemy opened fire on them, killing and wounding several.

Finally the guns were transferred and began to fire. Frank McPherson of the Battery, attached to the Infantry, received a number of wounds and was also gassed. He was sent to the hospital.

The enemy shelled the positions and also the dressing-station at White Cross Farm.

Meanwhile, the Echelon was moving up, going first near Paris Farm, then to Belleau Woods. A halt was given until someone found out where the guns were, and then another move was made.

Food was being sent for the Battery, but, because of so much moving, it was hard to locate it. Egan of the Battery saw a cow, which he thought would be of considerable use to the Battery, so he tried to take it along. The cow refused to go. Then Egan tied it to a caisson, but the cow dug her feet into the ground and stood still. Egan was discouraged so he cut the rope and said, "Now go, I don't want you anyhow."

The pets of the Battery now consisted of two rabbits, one crow, a cat, and a dog, named Teddy.

Sergt. Edward Robey, received orders to return to America, as an instructor in artillery. Most everybody gave him a message, or something to give his folks if he ever saw them. Had Robey attempted to do so, he would have had little time for artillery instruction.

On the 23rd, the Battery received a terrible shelling, in which Malhon Dennett, Alix, Sjostrom, Payne and Desaulnier received wounds. The Battery stayed that night, firing considerably, and losing one gun.

The next morning, the 24th, we again moved forward, passing the "210" of the enemy in a ditch, which we heard was to be sent to Boston. Near Epieds we saw General Edwards, who spoke many a cheery word to us as we passed by. Everywhere lay dead of both sides, creating an almost unbearable stench. Past Epieds we halted to have dinner in a field full of our own shell-holes.

We again moved. One of the horses seemed to be quite lazy, and the driver, against army regulations, hit his horse over the head with a whip. Gen. Edwards saw this and stepping from his machine said to the driver, "Here, my young man, you know you shouldn't do that. Do you know that I would rather have you hit this long old nose of mine, than hit that horse over the head?" Then he got into his machine and went on.

The moving now became very slow, because everything, such as artillery, engineers, balloons, etc., were advancing. The whole regiment passed in full view of the enemy observers, to the edge of some woods where we met the machine-gunners of the 28th Division. We waited until dark and pulled through a shell-torn road into the Paris-Soisson Highway, near which the guns went into position. The guns were to fire across the road, but there was no firing that night. All around the guns shells were landing, and so the cannoneers drew back for protection. After the shelling stopped considerably they returned and "dug-in."

The battery near us lost several men, before they could seek protection.

The morning of the 25th we again fired. Our Infantry was relieved by the 42nd division. We were not relieved and were ordered to back the 4th, 28th, and 42nd Divisions.

Above the positions an air battle was taking place, and the machine gunners and everybody that had found a rifle, fired at the enemy. Finally, an American and an enemy plane were downed, and the other planes disappeared. The men at the Echelon continued to move up, and brought up ammunitions to the positions.

One night, after a tiresome journey, the drivers had gone to sleep in some woods. About midnight the lieutenant received orders for more ammunition. He went around the woods feeling for the sleeping boys. When he found one he said, "Come on, get, more ammunition." Of course, he tried to get them all up by yelling, but after being used to sleeping while guns were firing, a man's voice had little effect. However, the men soon began to respond and the lieutenant began a final look around. He stumbled over a body and said, "Come on! Get up! The rest are hitching up now!" He received no response. Covering his flashlight with a blanket that no enemy aviator might see it, he flashed it in the fellow's face. Was he asleep? Yes, but forever. He wasn't one of our men, and here and there throughout the woods were many more just like him; but the drivers were so tired that they had just dropped where they happened to be and had gone to sleep among the dead.

A wounded German prisoner was lying on a cot waiting to be carried away. He called some Americans over to him. He evidently had something which he greatly cherished that he wanted to show to them. What was it? An actual picture of French girls being used as slaves by Germans. Yes, and worse than slaves! How proud he was of that picture. Someone took it and tore it up. It was lucky for that German that he was wounded!

One of our boys found a letter from a German officer in the rear to one at the front, telling him of the success of the recent Liberty Loan of America, stating the amounts given by certain large firms in New York and Hoboken.

Our guns stayed at the same place the 26th and the 27th. The Battery received replacements from the Western States. The night of the 27th the guns moved again, and at daybreak on the 28th, pulled into a position in full view of the enemy. The position was shelled and a gun and caisson destroyed, while the other batteries near us lost, not only guns and caissons, but men.

Early on the morning of the 30th, a "sniper," under command of Lieut. Johnson, with a crew of Sergt. Parker, Corp. Faneuf, Doyle, Hop-



kins, Lalliberte, Maxon and McDaniels, with Sergt. Landry acting as "runner,"\* went out. Some of the privates of the crew had been serving on the "90's," but had not a great deal of experience on the "75's" at the time. They went into position at 8.30. After leaving the gun the drivers drew back a short distance. They were H. Boisvert, C. Nichols, D. Gordon, Langdon, Vigeant and Hyneck. More ammunition was being brought up by other divisions.

The guns were set on the church at Sergy. The first shot landed short. The second went over. The third went through the front door of the church. The fourth hit the town. Then a few more were directed on the tower. Out of a lower steeple window came a white flag. A short consultation was held, and the next shot landed where the flag had been. When the smoke cleared away, the flag was gone as well as half the window. A few more shots were fired and then a Red Cross flag came out above where the white flag had been. Another consultation and the gun was fired until the place was demolished. It had no doubt been used as an observation post.

Corporal Fancuf was ordered to fire about fifty rounds about Sergy, at different suspicious looking places.

Lieut. Johnson saw a clump of trees and ordered a shot at that. Nothing happened. He tried again. It fell short and when it exploded it sent dirt and rocks a hundred feet in the air. As Lieut. Johnson and Sergt. Parker looked through their glasses they saw a number of Boche running, and one fell, rolling over several times. A hail of shells now began to come and everyone jumped into trenches. They stayed a short while, and then signaled for the drivers, who rode up, got the guns and everybody escaped.

A half hour after the report had been delivered by Sergt. Landry, Sergy was reported to be captured. It happened that during all the time this "sniper" was firing the enemy was shelling a "sniper" of the 101st Artillery, which they thought responsible. (Of course, no notice was sent to the enemy that they were shelling the wrong gun.) at night the Battery, by orders, drew back a short distance, it taking till morning to do so.

On the 31st, the enemy shelled the positions terrifically, and finally

On August 1st, the enemy shelled the Echelon considerably, killing fifteen of our horses, while the enemy aviators swept the woods with machine guns.

The Battery had a very efficient machine gun crew, consisting of Corp. Fahey and Privates Crotty, Roach and Saunders, and no doubt the hot fire sent by this crew caused the enemy to withdraw sometimes.

\* One whose duty is to deliver orders between commanding officer and guns

It was the intention of the crew to cut a notch in their machine guns for every plane they brought down. It is regretted that the exact number of notches cut has, at this time, been misplaced and cannot be stated.

On the night of August 12th the Battery began to advance again, and crossing the Ourcq river passed to the other side of Sergy. Here the night was spent on the side of a hill. No firing was done and the next morning the guns moved on to the main road, heading towards Cherry.

The Echelon received orders to move forward shortly afterwards.

One faithful old horse, who, it was expected would die at any time, was being led along by a driver. As it came near an old mattress along the roadside it became suddenly very weak, toppled over on it, and died a short while afterwards.

Meanwhile, those who were with the guns were coming into sight of Cherry. At the entrance to this village the enemy had blown up the road, making it impassable. It takes more than blown up roads to stop Yanks, so the column turned off to the left over a meadow, across a stream, through a pasture, and finally into the town. It was now quite dark, and the guns went into position. One gun sank into the mud and the crew tried vainly to move it. Finally someone came along and taking hold said, "Let's try again, boys." Everyone tried and out it came. Who had assisted the crew? Major John Herbert!

Two guards thought they saw a flash coming from a building in the village and calling an officer's attention to it, they went to investigate. They entered the house in question and found a number of our Battery men, with others, trying to get some sleep. The lieutenant inquired about the lights, but no one had seen any. He said he was sure they had come from that house, and so, with the assistance of all, set out to investigate. Upstairs their search was rewarded, for there was a German in full uniform signaling to his Artillery by lights, and trying to draw fire upon the village. He was taken, questioned immediately, and then sent to the rear, where, well, we don't know what happened, but we used our imagination. We heard that the signalling by that German had caused hundreds of casualties in the fourth division.

This position proved to be a poor one, because it was too close to a hill to allow the guns to fire.

The next day, August 4th, the menu consisted of hard tack and fresh air. Men were sent to locate the Echelon. Evidently they were having their troubles, because these men reported the Echelon to be strung out

for almost ten kilometres, and, by a misunderstanding the kitchen, at one time, was nearly in "No Man's Land."

Those who were with the guns spent the day in exploring and getting souvenirs. Quite often they would have to seek a place of refuge, for the enemy kept shelling.

One of the interesting sights was the old village church, which for some strange reason, had not been destroyed. Some of the Battery men entered, removed their helmets and someone began to play the organ. It is needless to say that more than one tear was shed as the boys' thoughts turned to their church back home.

One could see, not only ambulances, but trucks, taking the gassed and wounded to the rear. Shelling grew worse. Troville received a bad wound and was sent to the hospital.

One fellow was coming up the road with a water-cart drawn by two mules. As the shells landed near him he stopped his mules and ran for a dug-out, just as a shell landed between the two mules, blowing them to pieces.

That night we heard that we were to move at 12.30. When that time came every one was ready, but every road in the town was shelled—steadily.

At 2 A. M., August 5th, we pulled out and down the main road, for our clever engineers had filled in the places that had been blown up. A few shells landed in some nearby fields, but who cared,—we were R-E-L-I-E-V-E-D—Yes, relieved, at last. How much that word meant! The gun crews were joined by the Echelon, and tired, hungry and sleepy we plugged along. Men certainly were nervous. A 6" gun of the Yanks went off, and the men jumped and shivered. Ordinarily these same men could have slept through it; a reaction was now taking place!

The column halted and all who had been walking got into auto trucks. Off they went and the rest came close behind. Soon the buildings of Chateau-Thierry loomed up, and at 7 A. M. the Battery stopped there. What a change! How many civilians! Here a Red Cross Can-teen was found, and soon bought out. Here some of the boys met friends, as the company of 14th engineers containing several local boys, was quartered there. One thought was in everybody's mind: Relieved at last! We were informed that the division had over five thousand casualties, 2000 permanent.

At noon we received a good meal, our regular rations, with additions from the Red Cross. Mail came and oh! what rejoicing.

We received news that our Battery had lost the largest number of horses and the smallest number of men.

One German prisoner heard one of the fellows say, "It won't be long before we are in Berlin," and he said, "Yes, but when you are you will have P. G. (Prisoner of War) on your back."

About seven on the night of the 5th, we again moved in the same manner of the early morning, and on the morning of August 6th, we arrived at Sacy-et-Mery. After completing the care of the horses we went into houses, barns or the schoolhouse to sleep.

At noon we got up and after dinner inspected the town. The people seemed quite pleasant, but the storekeepers charged tremendous prices for their goods. For a franc, or about twenty cents, one would receive four cookies the size of a half dollar.

Just outside of the village ran the Marne River. We noticed that the steel bridges had been wired so that they could be blown up easily in case of the enemy coming through.

The guns and carriages had to be cleaned, as usual, but there was no drill.

In the next town, Nanteul, was the railroad station. When the fellows found that the trains went to Paris, a number went each day, on their own responsibility, as no passes were issued.

Passes, however, were issued to La-Ferte, which could be reached by a short ride on the train. It was surprising to see the number of motor truck companies of which the men were Chinese, going around La-Ferte.

On August 10th, we all went to the "cootie plant," where after a bath in the Marne, we received clean, but not new, clothes.

In the afternoon some went walking while others went fishing. It seemed that one must be French to catch French fish, for all the boys could get was a nibble.

At night we were entertained once more by our divisional show and our band.

August 13th, in the late afternoon we left and went towards Chateau-Thierry. We received news that Mahlon Dennett had died from his wounds, making the second member of our Battery to give up his life. Sadness again came over the Battery, and many remarked of his ability as a gas corporal. Whenever any gas shells had landed, he was right there to discover the nature of it, and of what degree of danger it was.

Lieut. Thompson now left for the States.

On the morning of August 14th, we entrained and pulled out. On our travels we passed several aviation fields and one large British camp.

Early in the morning of the 15th, we arrived at Pothiers, where we detrained and moved over the road.



BUILDING DYNAMITED BY RETREATING GERMANS

Now came a big mystery. Where was Teddy, our mascot? The last time anyone had seen him was at Chateau-Thierry, so someone else must have adopted him.

We arrived finally at Chaumont de Bois, a quiet little town surrounded by hills. Surely no one could go astray in this town, for the only place of interest to soldiers was the Cafe, and that was ordered closed. We soon found out that we were there to teach our replacements about the guns and horses. Drills of several varieties commenced immediately.

On August 23rd, we had another pay-day, so those who desired to, and could locate milk or eggs, purchased them.

We now received a new Major, named Thurber. We were told that Major Herbert was to be Lt.-Col.

On August 26th, our Battery baseball team defeated a team of colored engineers, the score being 18 to 10. When our opponents were winning, they gave all kinds of yells, but when they became losers—it was sudden gloom.

At night our band played and Everett Collins sang. Of course the whole town turned out to that and it must have been a great day in the history of the town.

The next night, the divisional show was performing in Obtree, the next town.

We had heard that we were to receive furloughs and the order that they were to be granted us was made up, when on August 28th an order came calling all furloughs off.

We noticed in the American papers that the Kaiser had been in Chateau-Thierry at the start of the drive, to encourage his men to proceed into Paris. We were glad to realize his work was useless.

Messer of Lowell, an aviator, flew over the town several times. Another aviator that Andover men knew, flew over and dropped Lawrence and Boston papers.

On August 30th, the Battery again pulled out. Everyone seemed glad to move away, because there was too much reaction caused by having been actively fighting, and then coming to a quaint little town about five hundred years behind modern times. We went to Poincon and entrained in record time. Soon the train began to move and we were off again to,—well, no one knew, but it seemed to be in everyone's mind we would head for Verdun.

## CHAPTER VI

### *St. Mihiel*

On Friday, August 31st, the Battery detrained at Ligny, and moved over the roads. After passing through Longeville, we turned into an old road which led to some woods. Here a halt was called, horses and men were fed, and preparations for the night made. In the distance could be seen Bar-le-duc, which naturally made the fellows desire an opportunity to go there. Some did go.

As darkness came on, most everyone rolled into his blanket and went to sleep. It soon began to rain, to add to our discomfort.

At one o'clock the next morning, Sept. 1st, everybody was ordered to get up and be ready to move. Everybody did as directed, at the same time wishing the Kaiser all kinds of good luck (?). At 3 A. M. we pulled out and moved slowly along the dark road. What a rainy, miserable night it was! Alongside of us marched the Infantry, going the same direction, so we knew we were off to the front. At one time we were on the road to Verdun, and at daybreak we pulled into some woods near Issoncourt, where we stayed for the day, keeping under cover of the woods at all times.

As soon as it was dark we once more set out. It was a cold night with the moon shining brightly.

At daybreak the next day, Sept. 2nd, we pulled up a very steep hill, into some woods, where, as usual, orders were given to keep everything under cover. Men were not allowed out in the open until darkness, and horses were not watered until night.

We spent several days there and one day we heard that the reason we were hiding was because the enemy thought we, of the 26th, were at a rest camp. Instead, here we were in some woods near Muilly.

On the night of Sept. 8th, we once more moved on. We did not go very far before we met a great deal of French Infantry coming back and all kinds of Artillery moving up.

At daybreak, the next day, we passed through Rupt to some woods, where we once more went into hiding.

The next day it rained a great deal, and the day after, Sept. 11th, the woods was nothing but a regular mud-hole.

The guns went into position, and the Echelon moved to another place a short distance away. The Major ordered that only the men absolutely needed were to be at the guns, so we expected something to happen very soon.

At one o'clock on the morning of Sept. 12th, the barrage began and at daybreak it was still going. A new officer named Trapnel had just arrived from the officer's training school. He immediately went to the gun position, and two hours later, was wounded in the head. At nine o'clock, our Infantry went over the top. The enemy was caught sleeping, and down the road marched German and Austrian prisoners. Whole companies, with their officers, were brought in. Some of them carried their machine-guns on their shoulders. It was reported that fifteen hundred had been captured that day.

Albert Thompson, during the barrage, had one of his fingers taken off, by the breech-block.

The next morning, Sept. 13th, at five o'clock, all the guns began to move up, so as to get within the range of the retreating enemy. We had never seen such strongholds as the enemies' trenches, concrete dug-outs, all sorts of barbed wire, etc., were. It was no wonder the Germans, yes, and even the French said, "It's no use to try to go through." But they didn't know the Yanks.

As we passed through what had been "No Man's Land," we noticed how everything had been torn up by the shells. The branches of the trees had been shot off in the several years bombarding. We saw a hole in the road, in which one of our Infantry Supply wagons had dropped, and it was a German tank-trap.

Prisoners streamed down the roads, some carrying their own wounded, while others were made to carry the American wounded.

A band which used to play on Mount Sec in Toul, was in this sector, too, when it, instruments and all, was captured by the 26th. Considerable jam, beers, tools, guns, etc., were captured or found, and one canteen, taken by our Infantry, contained over nine hundred cans of jam.

George Mitchel and Crotty, while looking into some dug-outs, saw an Austrian. After searching him, they turned him over to the Military Police.

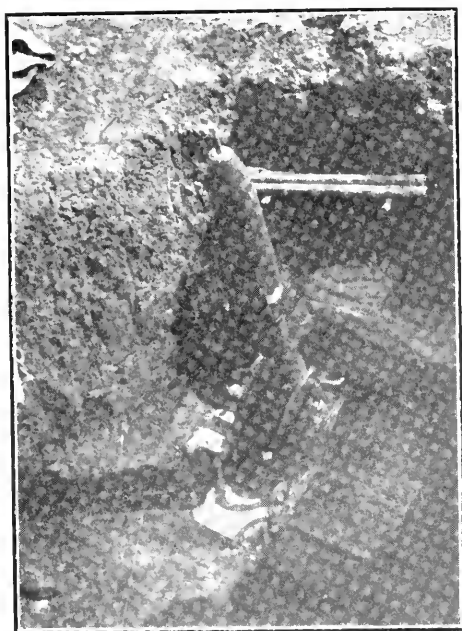
At night the guns went into position near St. Maurice, while the Echelon was established at Billson-Le-Cotes.



We were told that in the two days we had advanced  $14\frac{1}{2}$  kilometers with total losses of 250, while in Chateau-Thierry 5,500 were lost in  $18\frac{1}{2}$  kilometers.

We were greatly surprised to see old men, women and children, who had just been released from the Huns after four long years. They wept with joy. We saw an enemy dance-hall, swimming-pool and bowling alleys in the woods.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sept. 14th, we again moved over the roads, heading for St. Remy. We saw an Austrian gun which our



A GERMAN TRENCH MORTAR GUN

brave Infantry had captured, and turned it on the retreating enemy. We found some magazines which contained cartoons of Pres. Wilson, Roosevelt, and others, done by German cartoonists.

The Battery went into position in some woods on the top of a hill a kilometer away from St. Remy. Our rations then consisted of "corn-willie," and we had it boiled, stewed, fried, and in general, served in every conceivable way. As one fellow said, "We had 'corn-willie' and

bread for dinner, and for supper we are going to have a change because we are to have bread and 'corn-willie'."

From time to time we received gum, etc., from the Knights of Columbus, free of charge.

On Sept. 15th, the enemy planes were quite active, so we kept out of sight as much as possible. Engineers salvaged a huge search-light from the top of a hill, which had before been flashed in the skies to find our planes. An anti-aircraft battery went into position across the road from ours.

There was not much shelling from the enemy, due to the fact that they had not recovered from their surprise.

After dark, on Sept. 16th, the Battery moved to some hills on the other side of St. Remy. Here were dug-outs, in some cases 40 or 50 feet under-ground, and one had a wooden floor in it. It was equipped with electric lights, and had been used by the enemy as a dance hall.

A short distance from the position one could look out to the plains and in the distance see some mines which the enemy was working.

The horses of the gun-sections were now kept on the outskirts of St. Remy while the rest were in the woods near Rupt.

On Sept. 20th, we again changed our position, this time to the outskirts of Les Espargese. Here the guns were in an open space, and the men lived in dug-outs in the trenches. In one trench was a concrete foundation, through which came good drinking water.

We were informed that over 30,000 French had lost their lives in the defense of Les Esparges.

We received good news about the advance made by General Allenby into Palestine, etc., which helped to cheer us up a bit.

About the 22nd the gun-section horses were brought up and kept near the position, the drivers living in their pup-tents, because of the shortage of dug-outs. In this position quite a few shells arrived and occasionally gas.

On the morning of Sept. 27th our guns fired a big barrage, while our Infantry "went over." At our left we could hear the thunder of guns, so we knew another offensive was on. All day long the firing was on at intervals, and we were informed that our Infantry was only marking-time. That is, they would advance and then fall back, advance again and fall back, the idea of this being to give the enemy in our sector the impression that an offensive was starting there, so that they would keep all their men there and would not send any assistance to the sector on the left. All day and night we could hear the thundering of the guns at our left.

On Oct. 1st there was considerable air activity, and the enemy went over the position several times, endeavoring to take pictures, but soon retired because of the fire from the anti-aircraft guns.

When we awoke on the morning of Friday, Oct. 5th, we realized that we had now been in France one whole year. As a celebration was to be held at the Echelon, which had now moved up considerably, a certain number were allowed to go from the guns, to attend. The celebration was held in the woods, and after Lt. Col. Herbert had spoken a few moments he introduced our Division Commander, Major-General Edwards, who had to wait for the cheering to cease, before he could begin his address. He called our attention to the fact that he was wearing the second gold stripe, which we were all now entitled to wear, showing that we had served two six-month periods in foreign service. He spoke seriously and humorously, inquiring if we had any "dope" on the end of the war, explaining that he had tried to get overcoats for us, and asking us if we would like a division insignia to wear on our uniforms, showing that we were members of the Yankee Division. I believe everyone answered in the affirmative. Our Regimental Band played and the Division show was given. One of our former battery members, Royal Hayes, appeared in one of the numbers, reciting very cleverly, his original poem, "The Trenches." At the conclusion of the entertainment, the Supply Sergt. of each battery, gave each man two gold stripes.

In the early hours of the morning of Oct. 10th, the enemy shelled all positions with gas, but our battery had its usual good luck in not losing a man. "B" of Worcester, and "D" of New Bedford, suffered a large number of casualties from it.

We now received news that our commanding officer, Lieut. Lee H. Cover, had been promoted to Captain. When the fellows at the position received this news they gathered outside his dug-out and gave three cheers.

We noticed that the 79th Division Infantry was now going into the lines, and on the night of Oct. 10th, one platoon of our guns was relieved. The next morning the other was, by a battery of the 114th Field Art. of the 30th Division. They told us that they were shock troops. One of our fellows said, "They certainly must be shock troops, for I got a terrible shock, when I noticed that, as they didn't have any hidden lights for their aiming sticks, they used candles."

On the night of Oct. 11th, the whole regiment again assembled at the Echelon, and pulled out on the roads, bound for another sector.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Meuse-Argonne—Armistice.*

On the morning of Oct. 12th, at 4 o'clock, we arrived at a French camp named Sautelle, in some woods, not a great ways from Verdun. After the horses had been taken care of, pup-tents were pitched and the fellows soon went to sleep. It was a rule in the Field Artillery that the horses must be taken care of before the men. We heard of two reasons for this, one being that a man could take care of himself, while a horse couldn't, and other, that if a man was lost another could take his place, but horses were scarce! Several large horses which had been assigned to the Battery at St. Mihiel, died, and it seemed as though they could not stand the strain nearly as well as the "skin and bones" type.

At this camp it rained a great deal, and if any of the fellows could have gotten hold of the maker or the inspector of the "slickers" we were issued, he would have been used with about as much gentleness as the Crown Prince would get.

Not much was done at this camp, outside of the regular routine, and those who did not visit Verdun, etc., had a good rest. Several times during the day we could hear shells passing over the woods. They sounded as though they were going a long distance.

On the railroad tracks near our camp, several large French Naval guns were camouflaged.

On the afternoon of Oct. 17th, we were issued our overcoats.

On the afternoon of Oct. 18th, our guns left for the front, taking a position at Dead Man's Hill.

McPherson and Sjostrom, who were wounded in July, returned to the Battery. When they showed us their wounds and how they had healed, we agreed that there really must be some clever surgeons in the army.

On Oct. 19th, the Echelon moved a few kilometres to a field, bordering on a pond, near the town of Thierville. The Echelon appeared as

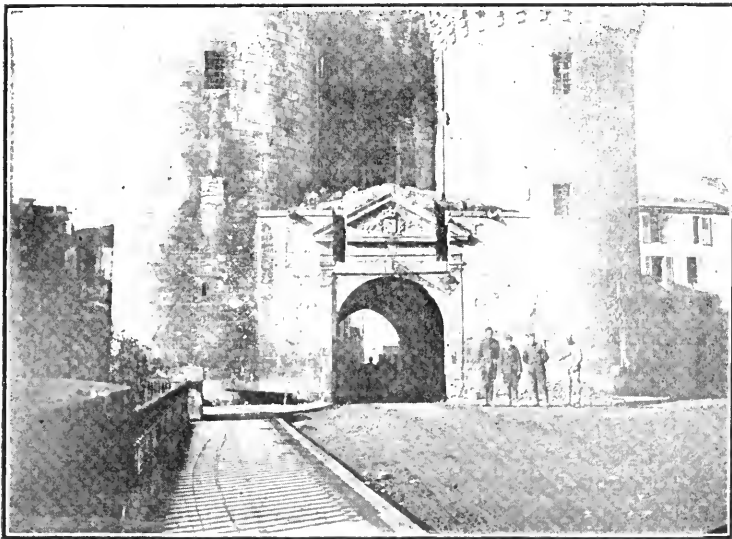
though it would be an ideal location, but the position, in among hills and valleys, was in a warm place.

On Oct. 21st, several 14 inch American Naval guns located near the Echelon, and they were a splendid piece of work. The crew with them started preparing stationary positions for them. The sailors were very much interested in our experiences, and wished they could see more of the front.

On the morning of Oct. 21st, Co. M of Lowell started an attack, and was backed by our Battery guns, so it was another "Lowell Day." The drivers of our Battery reported that on every trip they "ducked shells."

On Oct. 23rd, the batteries commenced to fire intensely, and Robert Martin was severely wounded, while William Thompson received a slight wound on the hand.

On Oct. 25th, we received our pay, and at the Echelon a few received permission to go to Verdun.



GATES OF VERDUN

A French battery, having lost a number of men by gas, received replacements from our Battery. Every day the batteries fired a great deal, and we heard an attack was on. Our Regt. Chaplain Stackpole gave his farewell address, and he was transferred to a seaport.

On Oct. 27th, we heard that during the week our favorite, General Edwards, had been relieved of his command and was to return to the States.

On Oct. 29th, our First Sergt., Joseph Daley of Andover, left for officers' school, and he was presented a purse of money from the boys. The same day the naval guns fired. They made a terrible noise. First a cloud of smoke could be seen, and then came a terrific explosion, which shook everything around. French soldiers were ordered out of the old houses in Thierville, because of the buildings falling from the shock. The horses out in the fields all ran together to the center of the field, where it seemed as if they were discussing what to do. We were informed that the shells fired weighed 1,400 pounds, and could make a direct hit at 25 miles. Imagine a gun in Lowell, hitting something aimed at in Boston.

On Oct. 30th, we heard that the Divisional Insignia would be a light blue Y. D. One of the boys saw a Frenchman's trousers on a line, so cut the seat out of them, thus providing a number of insignias, as the French uniform was of light blue. A short time later a darker blue was accepted to be official.

Every day the enemy shelled the positions, and because of the naval guns at the Echelon, some shells landed there, killing horses. Oison, of the Battery received a slight wound.

On Oct. 30th, Corp. George Quessy was severely wounded, and sent to the hospital.

Oct. 31st our position was shelled all day, and as the dug-outs had formerly been the enemies, the entrances faced them. Our guns kept firing back. In the afternoon the enemy got a direct hit on a dug-out of "E" Battery of Worcester, killing several and wounding a number more. Corp. Black, our Battery clerk, went out while the shelling was on, and helped considerably in caring for the unfortunate ones of "E" Battery. During the night we had to wear our masks several times because of gas.

On Nov. 1st, the enemy shelled us a little, and in the afternoon we heard they had retreated two kilometres, so we expected to move up.

Corp. George Quessy died of wounds received Oct. 30th, making the third death in the Battery. Another popular, cheerful boy had given his life.

On November 3rd, we moved to a hill near Death Valley, to an advanced position, a mile nearer the enemy than before. The Echelon stayed in the same place. Because of the new location, the kitchen at the position was in the valley at the foot of the hill.

We heard that Lyons, Sjostrom and Parsons were gassed while at Battalion Headquarters. At our Battery position Harry Cole, Parker, Hopkins, Marshall and others were gassed, the first two being sent to the hospital.

We found out that immediately after we had left our recent position at Dead Man's Hill, the enemy had landed some "308's" there.

The enemy, instead of their usual way of dropping a few shells here and there opened up suddenly and delivered a regular bombardment on a certain spot.

A few yards from the guns was a dug-out, which had, "All Americans keep away from this dug-out as it is mined," chalked on it.

At the foot of the hill was a stream, and some of the fellows tried several times to take a bath, but the enemy shelled them away.

On Nov. 7th, our guns started to fire considerably again, and the drivers were kept busy coming over the shell-swept roads with the ammunition. The telephone men found a great deal of difficulty in keeping communication, because of the enemies shell fire, but whenever anything went wrong, a man was sent to repair it.

Gas played an important part in this sector, and the gas corporals, White and Bostwick, had to be on the alert. It was the custom when gas was coming near the position, for the gas corporal, after the gas alarm had been sounded, to go to the doorway of each dug-out and shout down, "Everybody got their masks on?" On most occasions the masks were on, but in some cases, if the men did not smell much gas, they would not put their masks on; so when the corporal inquired if they had them on, they put their hands over their mouths and said "Yes." The reply sounded as if the men were talking with their masks on, and the gas corporal, better known as "Gas-hound," continued on his way. Sometimes, when in doubt if he ran down into the dug-out, he would see everyone struggling to get his mask on.

Corporal White, informing a comrade about gas stated, "That the use of gas, like many of the other weapons now in use in the armies of Europe today, such as the catapult, flame projector, trench knife, and sling, is an inheritance from the early ages, amplified, improved, and made more destructive by the aid of modern science.

The first record of poisonous gases known to be used by one body of individuals against another group as a means of overcoming them through suffocation, seems to have taken place during the wars of the Athenians and Spartans (431 to 504 B. C.) when the Spartans saturated wood with pitch and sulphur and burned it under the walls of those cities

in the hopes of choking the defenders, thus rendering the assault less difficult.

They also used large bellows to blow the fumes across the defenders' lines. The first use of gas in modern warfare occurred April 22, 1915, as you no doubt have read, when the Germans liberated great clouds of gas against the Allies near Ypres which resulted in a complete demoralization of the troops, and many casualties. They also began to use gas in bombs, hand grenades, and shells.

A week later the Allies had agreed to manufacture gas in large quantities in retaliation.

By this time gas had been accepted as a modern weapon of warfare by all nations of the world, and it was extensively used on both sides.

The general characteristics of some gases are that they have a strong irritating effect upon the respiratory mucous membrane. They may cause death through suffocation, or induce bronchitis or pneumonia.

Chlorine gas has a strong irritating odor, it being very much the same as that caused by Chloride of lime. This gas causes coughing and irritations of the eyes, even in concentrations that are not fatal.

A man exposed to a strong concentration of gas, say one to five hundred, or one to two thousand, may be affected to much an extent that he finds it impossible to draw air into his lungs, causing him to fall unconscious, and to die within a very few minutes.

Phosgene gas is different in many respects from chlorine, and on the whole is more efficient and deadly. The symptoms are those of drowning. The victim becomes cold, clammy, and struggles for breath. His breath comes fast. Fluid from the lungs runs from his nose and mouth.

A number of cases are saved by the timely and prolonged use of oxygen. You can therefore see readily why phosgene is a good gas; if strong it kills immediately, if moderate, it makes one most sultry and distressing.

In the view of the enemy a long drawn out casualty is of more value than immediate death, as it takes several men to care for one injured man. With this idea in mind the Germans issued stringent orders against the use of gases which kill instantly, namely Hydrocyanic acids.

This gas causes a direct action on the central nervous system, causing total abolition of its functions, and kills by paralyzing the respiration. Death is therefore very sudden.



Nitrochloriform is the most powerful, as it renders vision impossible after 5 to 10 minutes' exposure. It also has another quality, that of penetrating the masks causing vomiting which necessitates the removal of the mask. For this reason it is more often used at the beginning of gas attacks, then generally they throw a more poisonous gas as a finishing touch. Mustard gas is the most feared. It is only slightly irritant to the nose and throat causing a certain amount of sneezing, but no discomfort or oppression in the chest. It does not immediately irritate the eyes but acts several hours later.

On the other hand it is very irritating to the skin, causing many severe and lasting burns.

It has a very high boiling point (392 Fahrenheit), and therefore remains in shell holes and shell fragments for many days, and will produce its characteristic eye and skin effects on those who enter and work in those areas even several days after the bombardment.

If strong enough it will cause permanent blindness or at any rate a very long and painful case of temporary blindness.

There was one case in our regiment, in which 14 horses were burned to death by mustard, and 84 men were evacuated, suffering from severe burns of mustard gas. Of 84 men, 34 died. B Battery, 102nd F. A.

#### *The Markings of Gas Shells.*

The most common gas shells are marked with crosses of green, blue, or yellow.

A green cross signifies that the shells contain Phosgene or Diphosgene gas. A blue cross shell contains Sneeze-dorf or Dyphenyl-chlorarsine gas which comes under the head of Metallic poisons, such as organic compounds of arsenic.

A yellow cross shell is the mustard gas shell whose odor is so slight as to make men careless and slow to adjust their masks, thinking that the gas is of insufficient strength to be harmful, and thereby often leads them to death.

#### *Different Methods of Attack.*

There are two distinct methods of attack. One is by shell fire, and the other by cloud attack.

The first cloud attacks were made by placing cylinders containing gas near the front line trenches fifty metres apart.

A pipe extended over the parapet from a valve in the cylinder. At a given time all cylinders were opened freeing the gas which was wafted across NO MAN'S LAND to the enemy's lines in large quantities taking the shape of a cloud or heavy fog.

The hissing of the escaping gas however foretold of the coming wave which thereby lost its effectiveness, inasmuch as it could no longer be used in a surprise attack. To overcome this the English invented the projectory gas attack which consists of throwing many large cylinders of gas into the enemy's lines, all being thrown at the same instant.

These are thrown across the lines by means of an engine of warfare similar to the trench mortar and whose range is approximately 1,800 metres.

Shell fire is generally directed upon back areas and battery positions. Many shells are fired on some one point to get as high a concentration of gas as is possible, and therefore better results.

An ordinary gas shell is filled with liquids and has a small bursting charge which explodes upon landing with a loud pop and hissing sound. The Germans are now using high explosive shells filled with gas which upon exploding gives one the impression that it is a non-gas shell. They sometimes fire gas over in shrapnel, but only in rare cases.

A battery position which is on high land is practically immune from an attack of a serious nature as gas clouds are much heavier than air and drift slowly into hollows and low lands.

Gas will hang for days at a time in heavy woods and in dug-outs unless preventative measures are taken in the latter case. There are several good measures of precaution which if followed earnestly will make a dug-out tenable. Entrances to dug-outs should be covered with dampened blankets which when lowered allow but little gas to enter the dug-out. If perchance there should be a leakage, or gas is brought into the dug-out on the clothing, gas blankets can be used to a good advantage in freeing the dug-out from gas. Every dug-out should be provided with these fans.

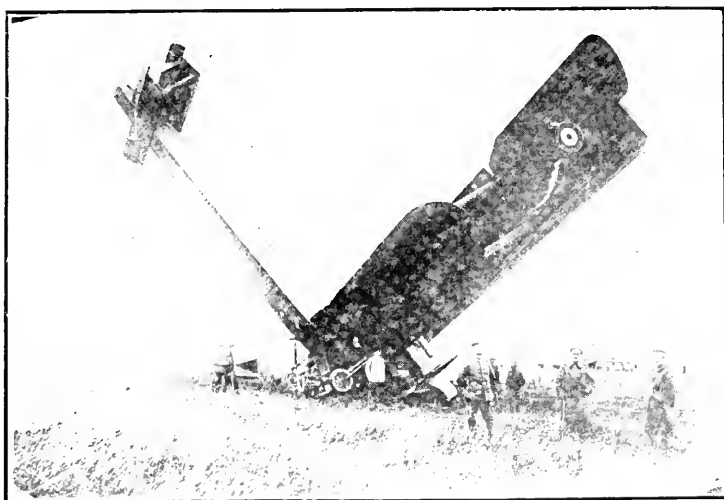
Another method is to light a good fire. The heat escaping and the fresh air entering in its place causing sufficient circulation to free it from gas.

At Toul during the course of several gas attacks, and as we were sitting in our dug-outs, uncertain as to whether our gas blankets were adjusted properly or not, we suddenly bethought ourselves as to how the British had acted under similar circumstances. One chap had heard that they smoked cigarettes when in doubt as to the presence of gas.

Upon lighting a cigarette this chap noticed a very queer taste to it which informed us that gas had come into our dug-out. A few minutes later our nostrils also recorded the fact so we adjusted our masks properly, never being in danger for a moment.

Since then we have followed this practice faithfully and have benefited thereby."

On Nov. 8th, we saw an Allied plane in battle with an enemy plane. After several minutes had passed, the enemy plane got on fire and started to go down. To our amazement we saw the pilot jump out in a parachute, and drift slowly to the ground, no doubt landing in safety. We had seen numerous parachute jumps from balloons, but from a falling plane was some different. The same day we saw about forty Allied planes go over on a bombing trip, no doubt to Metz.



AN ALLIED BOMBER BROUGHT DOWN BY ENEMY

In the early part of the evening the position received a terrific shelling, and as the communication lines were cut, two special detail men were sent to repair the damage. While out they no doubt were spotted by an enemy aviator, for soon a barrage was opened on them. However, they repaired the lines and returned safely. Later on the position was shelled with gas.

On the morning of Nov. 9th, a "sniper" went out, under Lieut. Berry, with the following crew, Sergt. Geo. Collins, Corp. Shea, Pvts. Symonds, Corckery, Cheswick, Nesting and Riley, and the drivers in charge of Corp. Mulvey were Hack, John Daley, Lepine, Doyle, McElroy and Cudworth to aid the Infantry in several places. They ex-

perienced considerable difficulty, and had to get the gun and horses out of the mud several times. With us was a gun and crew from the Worcester Battery, who were taking the place of our "sniper" while it was gone.

On the evening of Nov. 10th, we pulled out of the position. It was a cold night, and those who were walking tried to go as far ahead of the column as they safely could, and then crawl into a dug-out, start a fire, and wait for the Battery to come along. Five of our men had gone on furloughs, for they had now really come to us. All night long we moved and the next morning, Nov. 11th, about daybreak, we went up an old road, passing considerable Infantry resting. As we came to an old field we halted, guns were set, and horses sent back. In front of us were the remains of a town named Beaumont.

What a place! The only thing camouflaged was the guns, and we were right in the open. Suppose the enemy should see us now?—Good-by Battery F!

We heard a few large shells go way over us, and although ordinarily no attention was paid to them, a number of the boys remarked that they weren't taking any chances, because, if that so-much-talked-about-armistice was to be signed soon, they wanted to be present.

After breakfast was served, the fellows lay down in the field and tried to sleep. At 10.50 everyone was at his post, and the order to "fire" was given. At 11 o'clock the order was given to "cease fire," and Sergt. George Fancuf fired the last shot of the Battery. This gun's record had been kept, and it had fired 12,500 round, and was the same gun used at Chemin Des Dames.

The officers told us that the armistice was now on. Some believed it, some didn't. The majority thought they would be sure before they celebrated, and so went to sleep. At night rockets were going up, fires were burning, and we all knew that such a thing would never be allowed if an armistice was not on. Soon fires were going up at Battery F. Some French troops passed by and yelled "Fini-le Guerre" (the war is ended).

The next morning, after breakfast, everyone managed to get some paper and write home to let the folks know that they were alive.

The telephone between our Battery and the Battalion Headquarters did not work, so a man was sent out to find the trouble. He followed the wires quite a distance, until he came suddenly to where the wire ended. He looked around for the other end, and found it about 20 yards away. Having extra wire with him, he soon put the 20 yards on, but where had the other wire gone? He looked about, and then smiled as

he noticed that in front of him were several tents, the property of our Infantry comrades, which were being held up by the missing wire. No doubt they had figured that as long as the armistice was on, a telephone would be of no use.

The sniper and crew returned and had similar experiences as the rest of the Battery. Lieut. Kennedy of the Battery, who was attached to the Infantry, having notified them of the armistice. At one time the gun and men were in "No Man's Land," when the Infantry withdrew, but the men were in a good dug-out to get a little sleep, and so reluctantly obeyed the order to withdraw.

During the day the fellows collected stumps, rubbish, etc., and put them in one pile for a fire at night, while others were busy collecting rockets. The drivers who came up took the rockets with them to the Echelon.

We saw French prisoners just released, who were returning, and some of the fellows went to the trenches of the enemy, where only old clothes could be found.

After dark the fires were lighted and rockets sent up at the position and at the Echelon. Everywhere were celebrations, and everyone wondered what the folks at home were doing. Some of the rockets did not go in the direction they were intended for, so that if we were not dodging shells, we were rockets!

As we gathered around the fires, songs were sung, and general rejoicing was in order. Someone said, "I remember once a Lieutenant saw one of the drivers striking his horse with his whip continually, and rode up, saying, 'Young man, don't use your whip on that horse,—use your head.' He said the Lieutenant wondered why everybody laughed.

No one cared whether they slept any or not, and so some stayed up all night, while others turned in just before sunrise.

There was one question in everybody's mind now, and that was, "When do we go home?" We were the First National Guard in France, we had fought since February, and about everywhere, so why shouldn't we be among the first home?

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Departure from Front—Salmagne—Saulxures.*

On the evening of Nov. 13th, 1918, the guns were taken out of position and drawn to the Echelon at Thierville. The next morning the Battery pulled out with the rest of the regiment, over the road. All day long we moved, and as the whole division was on the move, it took a long while to go even a short distance.

About 8 P. M. the Battery halted for supper, which, although consisting of only corn-willie and hardtack, was very acceptable.

After supper we again moved and made the final halt at a little village named Fleury. After the horses were taken care of, the men went into barns for the night.

Early the next morning, Nov. 15th, we again started and travelled all day. At 7 P. M., all very tired and many footsore, but what did we care, the war was over, we made the final stop at Belrain, a quaint little town. After horses and men were fed we were again assigned to barns, etc., for the night.

The next day was spent in cleaning harnesses, guns, and the other equipment, for orders were received to be ready to turn them in at any time.

On Sunday, Nov. 17th, some of the boys attended mass at the little French church, which was several hundred years old. Through the kindness of the village priest, Chaplain Peabody was able to hold services for the other fellows, several hours later.

The majority of the townspeople were very kind, and the boys took advantage of this fact by accepting their invitations. One group of Battery boys "chipped in," and had a Frenchwoman kill a lamb and serve it with vegetables, etc. We had always been told of the wonderful cooking of the French, and the before mentioned group will agree that it is so. No doubt, several other groups did similar things.

During the afternoon our horses were "turned in"; while the guns were taken to the depot at Tronville, a railhead.

On the morning of Nov. 20th we again moved, and as we were then dismounted artillerymen, we had to carry all our belongings on our backs. We arrived after noontime, at a little town named Salmagne, near Tronville, and about 20 kilometres from Bar-le-duc. We were again assigned to barns, etc.

The next day we were allowed to make our quarters comfortable as possible, and were told we would probably stay a long while.

On Nov. 22nd, we had infantry drill in the morning, and in the afternoon a football game was played between Battery C of Lawrence, and our Battery. Of course there was all the rivalry that there would be at any Lowell-Lawrence affair in America, and finally our Battery won by a score of 7 to 0.

Every morning during the week was given to football, while the afternoon was given over to other sports.

Saturday morning was inspection, and the afternoon was of leisure.

Sunday was a day of rest, providing one was not assigned to guard, etc.

There was a great deal of rain, and the quarters were none too comfortable.

In town there were a few stores, but, as usual, they were of the "get-rich-quick" type.

One of the most interesting things to the boys was the old sheepherder of the town. As he went down the street in the morning with his dog, he blew his horn; this being a signal for the people to let out their sheep as he went by. Then he took the sheep out to the pastures for all day, bringing them back at 5 P. M. As he came up the street, he again blew his horn, and the people opened their shed doors. As the sheep came to their home they left the others and ran in.

The town crier also proved of interest. When he had an announcement to make, he beat his drum several times, until the people opened their doors. Then he read the announcement. Of course, this was a chance for some of the Battery comedians, and it was not long before some of them could imitate the town crier to perfection. On one occasion, one of the boys was so clever, that by beating a wooden box and crying out, several of the townspeople opened their doors.

Nov. 28th was Thanksgiving Day, and as our rations had not been coming in very well, Mess Sergt. Scannell went to Bar-le-duc, where he invested in a number of kinds of foods. The menu consisted of roast lamb, onions, carrots, potatoes, gravy, nuts, pudding, etc. What were we thankful for? We were thankful that we had been through the great conflict, and were yet alive!

On Nov. 29th we drilled in the morning, and in the afternoon our Battery played football with Battery A of Haverhill, neither side scoring.

About this time we found that in a nearby town, Triconville, a Salvation Army Hut was located, so whenever an opportunity presented itself, some of the boys went over there where they obtained doughnuts and cocoa. Although it was nearly four miles each way, it was considered worth-while.

But when were we going home? We were among the first over, so why not among the first back? All kinds of opinions were expressed, some believing that we would be home for Christmas and others by the Fourth of July. There were also a number of wagers, such as one fellow agreeing to give a supper at any Hotel in Massachusetts to the other fellow, if they were not home for April 19th.

Dec. 2nd was pay day, and then someone said that would be our last pay in France. Those who wanted to think so, did; but the majority didn't.

On the afternoon of Dec. 3rd, our Battery defeated Battery B of Worcester, at football by a score of 36 to 0. The playing of Carl Lindsey and Everett Collins of Andover, featuring.

Passes were given now for Bar-le-duc, of which a large number took advantage. Two fellows went into a little store and as they glanced over the stock, noticed some cans having labels on them, showing strawberries. The boys inquired how the jam there was, thinking it must be strawberry jam. The clerk informed them it was not jam, but strawberry shaded varnish.

Services were held in barracks by the Chaplain, and mass in the village church by the village priest.

On the morning of Dec. 9th, we were reviewed by Brig. Gen. Glassford, formerly Colonel of the 103rd F. A., but now Brigade Gen. Out of the regiment, "E" of Worcester, and our Battery, received praise for excellent marching.

In the afternoon, we, with the whole brigade, again were reviewed, this time by Maj. Gen. McNair, chief of Artillery of the First army. "I" took the honors of the regiment, for its marching, and the regiment of the brigade.

We were having a great deal of rainfall at this time.

On Dec. 10th, Captain Cover left on a furlough, the Battery being then commanded by First Lieut. Elmer Dunbar.



On the afternoon of Dec. 14th, a regimental track meet was held. A prize of \$50 to go to the Mess Fund of the battery winning the most points, was offered. Our Battery again showed what it was made of, winning the prize which we called the "Jam Fund," as it was expected it would be used to buy jam. The meet was in charge of former college athletes like Minot, Wilkins, etc. Every event was hard fought. The point-getters and the events won by the Battery were as follows:

First: 300 yard dash, Lindsey; 600 yard dash, Larratt; Bugling, Gurney.

Seconds: Running broad jump, Smith; Bugling, Douglas; Ball throwing, E. Collins; Tug-of-war, Nickerson, Robertson, Rosatto, Pall, Elie, Jenkins, Bostwick, Barrish, Gleason, and Fahey; Relay Race (150 yards per man), Simons, Flory, H. Larkin, A. Larkin, Lindsey, Lepine, Pall, John Daley, Hanson, Powers, E. Collins, G. Collins, Winslow, Nichol, and Douglas.

Third: 300 yard dash, Mozley.

Fourth: 100 yard dash, G. Collins; Running broad jump, Lindsey.

It was very gratifying to the Battery to come to the front in Track work also. The baseball team, under guidance of Everett Collins had not suffered defeat, and the football team, captained by Lindsey and coached by Hutchins of the Medical Corps, had won or tied all its games. A soccer team, under the leadership of Robert Paterson, had played a number of games, not once being defeated.

In our town there was a young woman who kept a store. Because she was always smiling, she was called Madam Smiles. One evening several of the boys arranged with her to have supper at her house. She told them that at the outbreak of the war she was in Belgium. She with other women and children were used as a screen by the Huns. They were made to march ahead of the German Infantry so that the French and Belgians would not fire at them. She became tired and lagged behind. For this a German stabbed her in the arm. For similar offences children were cut in half.

On Dec. 19th, we left Salmagne and hiked to Ligny, where we again saw our guns. In a steady downpour of rain, we loaded the guns, finishing after midnight.

At 4 A. M. on Dec. 20th, the train pulled out, going all day until 5 P. M., when we arrived at La-Ferte-S-R. Here we unloaded the guns, and, as we had no horses, pulled them by hand, through mud, up on the side of a hill.

We then hiked to Anrosey where we crawled into barns for the night. Somebody said that the next day we were going to hike to another railhead where we would entrain for the coast. We hoped so!

The next day, Dec. 21st, we started on our hike at 9 A. M. As we carried our rolls, and the day was quite warm, we had to have several rests along the way. As it got near noon we noticed that the Major was not giving many rests, so we decided that we must be nearing our destination. At last we came to a large hill. We all wanted a rest but we didn't get it, so up the hill we started. When we had gone half way we received the order to halt for dinner. Sweating and tired, we were glad for the chance to rest. A cool breeze was blowing then. After an hour's rest, we marched on, arriving at Saulxures at 5 P. M. Here we saw Capt. Cover, as he had arrived from his furlough. We were assigned to barns, and tried to make ourselves comfortable.

The next day we found that our division was billeted in the various towns around ours, and that looked good to us. Our Christmas boxes began to arrive, and so we felt happy.

On Dec. 24th, we were informed that Pres. Wilson might pass through our village, as he was to be near there on the next day. Everything was tidied up and the streets cleaned.

That night, as we sat in the hay, some one began to recite, "It was Christmas Eve in the Poorhouse," and we agreed it had nothing on us.

The next morning, Christmas Day, if one fellow ventured to say, "Merry Xmas" to another, he didn't know whether he was insulting him or not. The President did not come through our village, as expected. As we had arrived in this town just a few days before we had no extra rations, so we had an ordinary meal, but were promised a good one on the following Sunday.

Influenza broke out about this time, and on Dec. 27th, there were so many cases of it in the battalion that the town was quarantined. No one was allowed to enter or go out, except the inhabitants. We got our food by billets, one billet at a time. Each man wore a white cloth over his mouth and nose, and shelter-halves were put up separating each man from the other at night. We were ordered to make ourselves comfortable as possible and stoves were sent to each billet. We were not allowed out, except on business, physical drill, or a walk by billet. Our boys were being sent away, and men of one billet were not allowed to mingle with men from another billet, except on guard duty. Of course, you couldn't catch the "flu" then! More and more men were

sent away each day until only a few remained. On the last day of the year it was raining hard, and the quarantine was still on. Happy New Year? Well, the French children had quite a time visiting each other, etc. Every day more men were sent away, but about Jan. 8th, some of them started to return. They brought sad news, for they said that Winthrop Wright of Billerica and John Baker of Andover had died, and that a number more were being sent home.

On Jan. 13th, the quarantine was lifted, much to our joy, for we said, "Suppose we were ordered home and were under quarantine."

We then made visits to the Infantry in the nearby towns, such as Dammartin, etc.

During the "flu," our major was sent to another outfit, and the new major died suddenly of heart disease.

On Jan. 20th, details were sent to load the guns, and no tears were shed as the guns went away.

On the morning of Jan. 22nd, we left and hiked back to Anrosey, staying that night in barns.

The next day we rested, and at 6 P. M. left, going 10 kilometres to Vitry. When we arrived there, we saw that the regiments which were supposed to leave hours ahead of us had not gone. For some reason, said to be a wreck, no trains had arrived, so we joined the other troops in a nearby field, where we built fires, etc. It resembled the "night before" the Fourth of July on the Common in Lowell. It was very chilly and no one dared to lie on the cold ground, for who wanted the "flu"? A quartette consisting of D. Gray, E. Collins, W. Gray, and E. Larkin, cheered up the boys with their songs.

At daybreak we were still there, and at 10 A. M. our train arrived. We were packed in so tightly that several had to stand up. Even the officers, who usually had first or second class coaches, had to travel in box cars. This made the trip more agreeable for us, when we thought of the fact. Our whole regiment was on the train, and we left about noon. One fellow who had served in the navy, noticed two hooks six feet apart at the top of the box car. He tied the ends of his blanket to each hook, thus making a hammock, and climbed in.

The next morning we were still on the train and felt like canned sardines. We stayed on that night.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Embarkation Area—Brest—Homeward Bound.*

On the morning of January 26, 1919, at eight o'clock, we arrived and detrained at Mayet (Sarthe), a town in the Le Mans Embarkation Area. After breakfast we hiked about three kilometres to a number of old, empty farm houses and barns, proving, in most cases, to be the best yet. At night most everyone went back to Mayet, where our first battalion was located, to buy fruit, etc. Mayet had stores of various kinds and descriptions, and we were glad to be living near it. Owing to the fact that our battalion was billeted in the outskirts of Mayet, the first battalion called us "The Lost Battalion."

On the morning of Jan. 28th, we made up our packs and went for a road march. In the afternoon we played ball and other games. All this hiking we were doing was for a definite purpose, for on Feb. 1st, we were reviewed by our Division Commander, Maj. Gen. Hale. He was very much pleased. He said that we would soon receive rifles.

Meanwhile, all those desirous of playing on the Regimental Football or Soccer Teams, were told to report, and training began immediately.

On Feb. 2nd the 102nd played the 101st at football, for the championship of the brigade. The 101st won, 6 to 0. Four "F" men, H. and E. Larkin, E. Collins and Lindsey, were on the active list of the 102nd, and played well.

On Feb. 5th, our Regimental Soccer Team defeated the 103rd by the score of 5 to 1. The team later at Le Mans, defeated a team of French Champions.

A fight between Mulvey, of our Battery, and Kloby, of "C," began to interest us, and the big fight came off on a ring, built in the square at Mayet. "F" and "C" had ringside places, while a huge crowd of Americans and French were in back. In a balcony was Gen. Sherburne, Col. Mack, Herbert, and others. After a number of bouts, the main bout came on, Kloby knocking Mulvey out in the sixth round. It was a hard fought but clean battle.

On Feb. 13th, the Battery with the other batteries of the brigade went out on a wild-boar hunt. All men were placed a yard apart and at the appointed hour advanced into the woods, led by the Captain. Although tracks were seen, none in the Battery saw any boars, but deer, foxes, etc., were seen.

On Feb. 15th, we were issued rifles, much to our disgust, as someone expressed it, "I thought the war was over."

It was necessary that something should be going on all the time to keep the fellows from being homesick. Often when the fellows in one billet had "turned in" for the night they would be raided by those from another billet. Maybe another night, a group would make up as negroes and go visiting at midnight. There were cases when football games were going on at 2 A. M., but anything for fun.

Once, just for fun, a first-class private claimed that he had been insulted and short-rationed by a "buck" private, who was assisting in the kitchen. The following notice was posted: "Private 'Speed' Williams, No. 000,000,000 of this Battery, is ordered to report for trial at Sergt. McKee's billet at eight P. M. for insubordination to a first class private."

All arrangements were made for the trial, but at the time to open, news was received that Williams had gone to Mayet for the evening, so his trial was indefinitely postponed.

On night a fellow of Italian birth and another of Irish got into an argument. To settle it they were to fight a four round contest. Boxing gloves were secured, and the contest was a draw. In the billet where this took place, a number of invited guests from other billets were present. Before the evening each visitor had been matched up to either box or wrestle one of those living there: Thus another evening of fun, and another nearer home.

On February 19th, we left our billets early, traveling quite a distance, where we saw our whole division lined up, while in front of us were moving picture operators. General Pershing inspected us and as he came to our Battery he remarked about its splendid appearance.

Furloughs began again, so a number went away, although very few cared whether they got one or not, as they said they would just as soon have it in America.

Our mornings were taken up in short walks, etc., while in the afternoon football, soccer and baseball were played. Some day the officers would select a team and play the enlisted men.

A contest between the two battalions was ordered and because of sickness we had to oppose the first battalion. At the finish we succeeded in defeating our opponents.

Later a divisional meet was held at Eckemoy, where our Battery represented the 102nd regiment in games, etc. Teams from the Battery were entered in the tug-of-war, gas-mask race, equipment race, and medicine-ball race. Although our brothers of the 104th Infantry took prizes in almost everything, the Battery secured fifth place in the division in the gas-mask race. (They were the first in the Artillery.) The reason attributed to the Battery not winning many races was that in practice for the meet every detail of the rules sent was followed to the letter, but at the actual contest, things were different.

About the middle of March one of the hardest battles that we had ever fought in began. It was the "Battle of Cooties," for we were to be free of them before we left for home. Our Battery put up two tents, one as a bath, and the other for ironing clothes; while outside was an arrangement in which blankets, etc., were steamed. After we had been through this process several times, our bodies and clothes were inspected by doctors until at last there was not a cootie remaining. One afternoon we received a similar examination by embarkation doctors. Then we began to clean up around the places we had lived in.

An officer came at this time and announced that any who wished to stay over longer to see France or Germany, could sign up with the military police. Several of our boys did, but most of them were westerners. On the morning of March 28th, headed by the band, our regiment marched to the depot at Mayet, where we entrained. We left shortly afterwards. On the train was a cooking arrangement so that when mealtime came, at the next stop, several men from each car went to the kitchen and carried food in tanks to their respective cars. When the train moved the food was served, and the tanks returned at the first opportunity.

We traveled all night, a cold one, and the next morning at nine o'clock we saw the ocean.

Shortly afterwards we detrained at Brest, went through a large kitchen where the regiment was fed at one time, and then hiked to the camp of which everybody had heard so much. It had barracks for those permanently located there, tents for those just staying there for a few days, and everywhere were board walks. We also noticed the Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, K. of C., Jewish Welfare and Library buildings.

We at last reached our places and were put in tents. In conversation with a Frenchman we were informed that out of the 365 days last year it rained 335. The next morning we were very much surprised to find the ground covered with snow.

During the day we had several kinds of inspections, and so had to be around at all times. Here the kitchens were feeding regiments at a time. Lines were formed and as we went into the building, we were served. Then we went into an annex to eat, and after washing our dishes, came out again. If we wanted more there was a special entrance.

After breakfast on the morning of March 31st, we made our packs up and marched down to the docks, where we boarded a lighter. We then went down the harbor, where we boarded the "Mongolia," at noon. This boat was the first American transport to sink a submarine, and it was with great pleasure that the sailors showed us the gun, "Teddy," which did the trick.

Our Battery was assigned to Hatch D 4. Everything was so different from the "Finland": plenty of electric lights, drinking water, canteen, etc.

At about six-thirty the anchor was drawn up and we put out to sea, being at last, Homeward Bound, after about eighteen months in a foreign country.

The trip was taken up in games, reading, etc. At different times we received candy, fruit, and other supplies from the Red Cross or K. of C. After dark moving pictures were given on deck and were very popular. A few boys were sick, but a small percentage in comparison with the trip to France.

On Sunday, April 6th, the Chaplain, now Mr. Stackpole, held services on deck which were largely attended.

The next afternoon boxing matches between the Army and Navy were given and out of the six numbers, each won two and a draw.

On the evening of April 8th, our Battery was on guard from six to ten.

April 9th, we were told that we would probably land on the morrow, so we were lined up on deck, just as we would be when we docked. Some of the boys got up at the front of the boat, and I believe, nearly strained their eyes looking for a piece of God's country, America. As the fellows went down to the bunks (some stayed on deck all night) each wore a smile which seemed to say, "One more lap to go."

## CHAPTER X

### *Home, Sweet Home—Conclusion.*

At about three o'clock on the morning of April 10th, someone shouted, "Everybody on deck to see Boston lit up." Were we dreaming, or was it true? We climbed the stairs three at a time, and there we saw the Hub once again, and, just think, our homes were only a short distance away.

As we were anchored there, gazing at that wonderful sight, we saw a little boat come along, and a feminine voice inquired, "Is David Smith of Salem there?" The inquirer received many replies, but not what she wished for, as some of the humorous boys told her that he was doing time in the "Brig," or that that he was left in prison in France.

Many more boats came alongside, or went around us, as the sun rose. Soon Governor Coolidge arrived.

A government boat was seen coming towards ours, and those on the front noticed who was aboard her. Cheers went up and passed through-out our boat for several minutes, for there was our leader in the big conflict, Major-General Clarence Edwards, standing at attention and saluting us. He came on board our boat, accompanied by the governor of Rhode Island.

At seven-thirty o'clock the Mongolia started towards the pier, and all sorts of tugs, boats, etc., carrying our friends and relatives, moved with us, while the bands on them played, "Home Again From a Foreign Shore," and others.

The first local man we noted, was Robert Marden, who had come aboard down the harbor. He represented the Lowell "Courier-Citizen."

The whistles of all boats and buildings were blown, causing a tremendous noise. Everywhere people were lined up to greet us. From one pier hundreds of red, white and blue balloons went up.

At about 7.45 we docked at Commonwealth Pier in South Boston. A large crowd had gathered there to greet us. Among them were Congressman John Jacob Rogers, Mayor Perry D. Thompson, and Otto Hockmeyer.



All the members of the Battery were together on the port side of the upper promenade deck, making it fairly easy for anyone on the pier to get whom they wanted. Because of the early hour there were very few of the Battery's friends there.

Someone of the Battery, noticed a Salvation Army man, and a good cheer went to him; and another one when he threw some doughnuts to us.

All sorts of food was tossed to us, but a great deal of it did not reach us, as it lost its velocity and dropped in the water.

Someone next spotted some Red Cross people, and another cheer went up, while others aboard kept the crowd busy picking up French coins, German buttons, etc., which they threw to them.

A few from the Battery were allowed to go on the docks to see their friends for a few minutes.

At about nine o'clock the troops started to go down the gang-plank and some remarked, "Isn't it too bad that our mascot Teddy never returned, for he too, would be glad to be home once again."

Shortly afterwards the Battery landed, once more on American soil.

After roll call in the Pier sheds, the Red Cross served us with coffee and rolls, after which we started for the trains to a tune played by a Naval Band.

The Y. M. C. A. handed us a box of candy, the K. of C. postal cards and handkerchiefs, the Jewish Welfare Board handkerchiefs, and the Salvation Army a telegram, which we filled out and they sent for us, free of charge.

It was great to sit in a real American train, after being in so many French box cars. Shortly after ten we pulled out, and as we passed the engine yards, all whistles on the engines were going. At every crossing, depot, factory, etc., people waved to us, and when the train stopped for a few minutes, everything from fish cakes to ice cream was passed in.

At stops we had to be very careful of our clothes, for people tried to pull off our buttons, and take our overseas caps for souvenirs.

One young lady inquired of one of the boys, "Can you shimmy?" What did we know about shimmy dances? Nothing. However, our boys said, "I don't know what it is, but a Y. D. man can do anything." She then explained that it was one of the latest dances.

We arrived finally at Camp Devens, where we detrained and marched to some tents. After dinner we were told to stay there, as we would have to go through the "cootie-plant" before we could move to better quarters.

We had been at our tents only a few minutes when parents, wives, sweethearts, and friends began to arrive.

The next morning at two o'clock we were wakened to go through the "cootie-plant." We finished at four.

After breakfast we marched to our new quarters, a barracks formerly occupied by the 302nd Field Artillery.

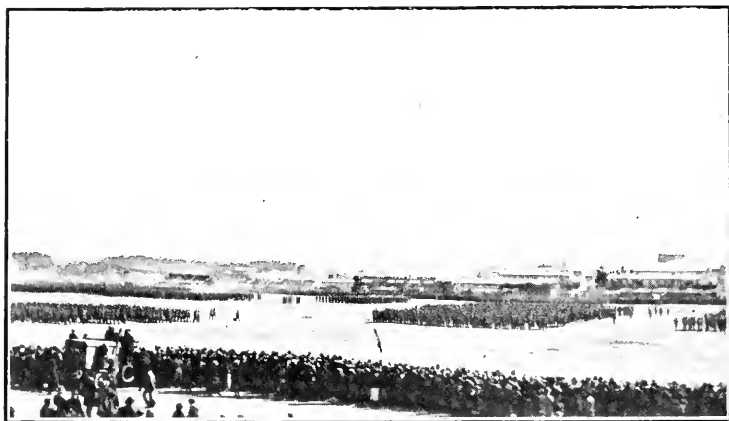
In the afternoon, the Women's Auxiliary of the Battery, arrived and gave us all sorts of cake, cookies and other things, with plenty of ice cream; our first real treat since we arrived home. Several of the women entertained us, and some of the boys did their bit, as usual.

Seventy-two hour passes were issued to a certain per cent., another lot to be drawn when they returned.

The upstairs of the barrack, and one room downstairs were sleeping quarters, each man having a bunk. The other room downstairs was a mess hall, containing a model kitchen and tables, seats, etc.

Several of the fellows who had joined the Battery in Lowell had now become Lieutenants. They were First Lieut. Berry, and Second Lieuts. Holden, Brown, Hogan, E. Matthews, Currie and Gustafson.

On Tuesday, April 22nd, the whole Division was reviewed by General Edwards, before a crowd of 200,000 people, while 30,000 autos had entered the Camp grounds. So far as the Battery was concerned the review was executed very well. The only fault the boys found was the dust, as we were not used to it after coming from France.



THE 26th DIVISION REVIEW AT CAMP DEVENS

One of the pleasing events was the presentation of a Croix de Guerre, for bravery, to Corp. Roland Black.

On the morning of Saturday, April 25th, we entrained early in the morning, and went to Boston, detraining near the Charles River Basin.

In the afternoon we paraded throughout the streets of Boston before a tremendous crowd. As we neared the end of our route, Gen. Edwards reviewed us, and the band played, "Till We Meet Again." We wore our helmets, and carried packs and gas masks.

After the parade we marched to the East Armory, where we were dismissed, and ordered to report at nine the next morning. Some went to shows, some walked the streets all night, and others slept in the armory. However, everyone was at the armory at nine the next morning.

At 10 A. M. we again entrained and went back to Devens.

Every day after this our replacements were sent towards their respective homes.

The next few days were taken up in physical examinations, signing papers, etc., and, at last, the big day had arrived, Tuesday, April 29th. At ten o'clock the Battery rolls were called, and then Capt. Cover spoke a few words. We marched to the camp offices arriving at 10.30. About eleven (11) o'clock we marched into the offices, received our pay due, and the Government bonus of \$60. Last, but by no means the least, we received our Honorable Discharge from the United States Army. We soon were once more Homeward Bound, with a red stripe, indicating our discharge, on our sleeve.

On the evening of Monday, May 5th, we gathered together again at a banquet tendered us by the Battery F Auxiliary. Among the invited guests were Congressman John Jacob Rogers, Mayor Perry D. Thompson, Col. John Herbert, Mr. Otto Hockmeyer, Capt. Winfred C. MacBrayne and Chaplain Markham Stackpole. The menu consisted of Hot Roast Turkey, Brown Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Squash, Green Peas, Onions, Rolls, Butter, Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce, Oyster Patties, Pineapple Salad, Mayonnaise Sultana Roll, Montrose Sauce, Assorted Cakes, and Coffee. The supper a year ago in Toul, consisted of Potatoes, Jewish Hardtack, Hash and Coffee.

After the banquet, Mr. Hockmeyer suggested that all bow their heads for a moment of silent prayer, in memory of the boys who had so nobly given their lives.

A telegram was received from Capt. Cover regretting that he could not be present. A watch which was to have been presented to the Captain, was sent to him for which later was received a letter of appreciation and expression of his admiration for the men who had served under him.

Soon afterwards the members of the Battery held a meeting and organized a social club to be known as Battery F Associates. Frederick J. Gleason was elected president, Daniel L. Gray, secretary, and George J. Faneuf, treasurer.

The object of the society being to keep the boys together, for if all fought together, were ready to die together, now that the conflict is over, all should be glad to meet together and discuss over and over again, "When I was in France with *Our Miracle Battery*."

ROSTER OF MEN AND HIGHEST RANK HELD WHILE  
SERVING WITH BATTERY IN FRANCE.  
OFFICERS OF BATTERY F

Capt. Cover, Lee H.  
" Minot, Wayland M.  
" Needham, Sumner H.

*First Lieutenants*

Anderson,	Harwood, Benjamin P.
Bernheisel, Geo. H.	Johnson, Theodore
Campbell, Geo.	MacBrayne, Winfred C.
Chadwick, Theodore E.	Porter, Ernest C.
Dana, Wm. B.	Taylor, Thiron C.
Dunbar, Elmer	Thompson, Andrew W.
Gravel, Romeo A.	Watts, Edward R.
Greene, Orland S.	Young, Samuel G.
Gully, Edward J.	

*Second Lieutenants*

Borden, Edward P.	King, Edward L.
Butt, Marshall W.	Leonard, Henry G.
Carter, Geo. M.	Marckley, Henry
Cody, Michael	McCarthy, John
Currie, John D.	Sullivan, Harry R.
Emsley, Geo. W.	Thorp, Wm. L.
Hart, Earl W.	Trapnell, James C.
Hobson, John L.	Uhrig, Chas. E.
Hodges, Chas. D.	Wendell, Percy
Kennedy, Malcom	Willard, Daniel
Kierschinski, Albert	

### *Sergeants*

Abbott, Geo. A.	Larkin, Eldred W.
Berry, Wilbur	Lavin, Patrick A.
Brown, Russell L.	Leonard, Bryon
Cole, Harry	Mathews, Carl E.
Collins, Geo. M.	McKee, Alfred
Daley, Joseph J.	Parker, Leslie
Delmore, Jas. A.	Quessy, Randall H.
Duncan, Wallace G.	Robey, Edwin
Fancuf, Geo. J.	Rosatto, Richard
Gustafson, Alfred D.	Scannell, Walter J. (Deceased)
Holden, John L.	Soucie, Wm.
Hosley, Carleton	Taylor, Walter
Jean, Adhemard C.	Webster, Joseph A.
Landry, Joseph A.	

### *Corporals*

Black, Roland	Mathews, Elmer C.
Bostwick, John W.	McElroy, John T.
Busfield, Manning H.	Morse, Geo. J.
Converse, John K.	Mulvey, Geo. W.
Davies, Harry F.	Partridge, Ralph H.
DeFazio, Chas.	Patterson, Robt. G.
Dennett, Mahlon (Deceased)	Picking, Fred H.
Fahey, Ed.	Quessy, Ralph G. (Deceased)
Flory, Louis J.	Richard, Eugene G.
Gray, Earl M.	Shea, Jerome J.
Hadley, Richard F.	Silk, Gerald R. T. (Deceased)
Johnson, Geo. H.	Thayer, Frank L.
Kierstead, Harvey F.	Thompson, Wm.
Larkin, Harold E.	Turgeon, Naree F.
Laurin, Eric T.	Winslow, Minton A.
Lawson, Ed. R.	White, Phil. J.

*Cooks*

Cashman, Martin F.	Gaffney, Joseph F.
Dale, Fred C.	O'Brien, Francis A.
Dushaine, Jos.	Seton, Wm. W.
Egan, Thos.	

*Mechanics*

Desaulnier, Ed. J.	Morin, Joseph R.
Hartman, Emile	Nickerson, Thos. Q.

*Wagoner*

Smith, Albert J.

*Saddler*

Lavoine, Louis L.

*Horseshoers*

Jenkins, Justine B.	Roux, Phaida J.
Lussier, Wm. O.	

*Buglers*

Douglas, Walter S.	Gilligan, Martin
Drouin, Antonio	Gurney, Wallace J.

*Privates—First Class and Otherwise*

Ackley, Eugene R.	Kimborough, Wm., Jr.
Alexander, Har. V.	King, John
Alix, Armond V.	Kujawa, Anthony J.
Auty, Wm. H.	Lacey, Peter W.
Bachman, George	Laliberte, Alf.
Baker, John H. (Deceased)	Lamontagne, Ludger
Baellargon, Wm.	Langdon, Lloyd
Barrish, Paul A.	Larratt, John L.
Bigelow, Harold	Lawson, Walter
Boisvert, Arthur	Lepine, Armond J.
Boisvert, Harvey J.	Lindsay, Carl N.
Boltz, Chas.	Little, Geo.

Boucher, Joseph W.  
 Bourgeois, Harry R.  
 Bowman, Chas. W.  
 Broderick, Wm. B.  
 Buss, James H.  
 Butler, Forrest  
 Bylenga, Edward  
 Calnan, George M.  
 Chambers, Harry R.  
 Chamowitch, Nicen B.  
 Chappell, Paul R.  
 Chestnut, Robert L.  
 Cheswick, Mathew M.  
 Christian, Oscar  
 Clowater, Orville  
 Codde, Elam F.  
 Cole, Arthur W.  
 Collins, John E.  
 Corkery, Ray F.  
 Connors, Thomas F.  
 Cote, A.  
 Cote, Ed.  
 Cox, Joseph  
 Crotty, George  
 Cudworth, Joseph E.  
 Dailey, John C.  
 De Fazio, Ralph  
 Dodge, Edward  
 Doyle, Chas. F.  
 Dudlow, Chas. F.  
 Duffy, Thos. F.  
 Dussault, Joseph L.  
 Eastwood, Clarence B.  
 Elie, Geo. A.

Lock, Cassel T.  
 Lyons, Richard  
 Manusakis, Nicholas  
 Marshall, Walter  
 Martel, Joseph A.  
 Martin, Robert H.  
 Maxon, Rex  
 McAusland, Ray E.  
 McCann, Peter A.  
 McCashin, John F.  
 McDaniel, Ray E.  
 McGrath, Jas. F.  
 McPherson, Frank J.  
 Michaels, Jas. F.  
 Mitchel, Geo. M.  
 Mitchel, Walter P.  
 Moore, Emmet F.  
 Moorehouse, Daniel W.  
 Morley, Raymond F.  
 Morning, David  
 Moroney, Frank W.  
 Morrill, Byron  
 Mozley, George  
 Muir, James M.  
 Mulholland, Joseph  
 Murphy, John L.  
 Napier, George C.  
 Nesting, Randel Q.  
 Nichol, Frank S.  
 Nichols, Charles  
 O'Brien, Hugh  
 O'Grady, Bernard T.  
 Olson, Amil  
 Pahl, Alonzo



Erving, John M.  
Fairchild, Keith R.  
Falco, John D.  
Fanfelle, Blaise  
Firth, Ernest  
Fite, Thomas L.  
Forbes, Joseph  
Fraim, John  
Ganon, Joseph A.  
Garnett, Gilbert  
Gavin, John A.  
Giffin, Ralph  
Gleason, Fred J.  
Gordon, David S.  
Gray, Daniel  
Gray, Wm. J.  
Griffin, Bernard J.  
Grout, Walter F.  
Gunn, Francis J.  
Gunther, Chas. E.  
Hack, Bernard  
Hanson, Albert E.  
Harris, George  
Hart, Con. J.  
Harte, Warren E.  
Hayes, Royal K.  
Heavlin, Frank  
Herrin, Albert C.  
Hill, George  
Hilton, Jas. H.  
Homan, Atlis  
Hopkins, James L.  
Houdek, Mat.  
Howard, Herbert J.  
Howard, Jefferson

Palitzsch, Henry  
Parent, Joseph W.  
Parsons, Brackett  
Payette, Joseph  
Payne, Clifford  
Powers, Walter W.  
Roach, John F.  
Roberts, Herbert C.  
Robertson, William  
Romegialli, Carlo  
Riley, Joseph A.  
Saunders, George H.  
Shaw, Leonard A.  
Shimer, Conrad J.  
Shirtcliff, Samuel M.  
Symonds, George F.  
Sjostrom, Carl G.  
Smidth, Roy  
Smith, Ray  
Scarrano, Ralph  
Soule, Howard  
Sparks, Albert  
Stansfield, Edward R.  
Striet, Harry W.  
Tracy, Pat. R.  
Thistle, Harry A.  
Thompson, Albert E.  
Toller, John T.  
Toohey, Patrick J.  
Trevors, Harold R.  
Troville, Stamislis  
Udell, Richard E.  
Vancour, Herbert J.  
Vigeant, Wm.  
Wall, Ward R.

Hynek, Wm. F.  
Jodoin, Ephraim  
Johnson, Theodore R.  
Johnston, Ray  
Judge, John H.  
Kane, Frank  
Kerger, John  
Kerr, John  
Kimball, Ezra W.

Walter, Arthur J.  
Webster, Guy E.  
Wiegel, John  
Wiegel, Fred  
Williams, Frederic  
Winn, Henry C.  
Woods, William H.  
Wright, Winthrop (Deceased)

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MEMORANDUM



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